

THE ILLUSTRATED

# SPORTING & DRAMATIC

+ NEWS +

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SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1877.

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MISS GRACE ARMYTAKE.



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## THE DERBY NUMBER

OF THE

## Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News

Will be published on the morning of the 30th instant (The Derby Day). This Number will be largely illustrated by prominent artists, and will be replete with matter appropriate to the race for the "Blue Riband."

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## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1877.

## CIRCULAR NOTES.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE is not yet in London, but it is expected to arrive shortly, and has been expected to arrive shortly for a pretty considerable time past, if we may believe the following extract from *The Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*, of Saturday, October 14th, 1820:—

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—This celebrated monument of antiquity may be shortly expected to arrive from Alexandria—a present from the Pasha of Egypt to his Majesty George IV. It is, we understand, to be set up in Waterloo Place, opposite to Carlton House, where it will, for ages we hope, serve to keep alive the recollection of the exploits of our naval and military heroes in that country. The weight of the column is about 200 tons—the diameter of the pedestal seven feet. We understand we are indebted to the influence of S. Brigg, Esq., British Resident at Grand Cairo, with the Pasha of Egypt, for this magnificent monument.

THE Cowens are a marvellously talented family. One brother is the composer of a large number of brilliant works, including the opera of *Pauline*; another is an exhibitor at the Royal Academy (note his two pictures in the present year's exhibition); while Miss Cowen, a sister

of those gifted young gentlemen, is a reader who only requires to be known in the right quarter, and by the right people, to win for herself a very high reputation indeed. She gave a reading last week in the presence of such distinguished patrons of art as the Earl of Dudley, which was one of the most delightful réunions of the kind we ever assisted at.

MR. H. FORRESTER has been playing at Manchester in a scene between Othello and Iago with a success almost kindred to that achieved by him when he was at the Lyceum. In speaking of this performance, the *Manchester Guardian* says—"Mr. Forrester's acting as Iago called forth the universal and enthusiastic commendation of all when he was playing to Mr. Irving's Othello at the Lyceum, and the single scene in which he acted last night was quite sufficient to enable us to endorse that commendation most heartily." The gain of the provinces is our loss: Mr. Forrester ought never have been allowed to leave London.

THOSE clever persons who purvey regulation news for the official journals of Constantinople have evidently been studying the lies of Sir John Falstaff, knight. Without being in the least bit political, or even satirical, we may humbly suggest that the story of the men in buckram is excelled in all the essentials of picturesque exaggeration by the following "particulars of the battle of the 11th of May, near Batoum." "The Russians in three columns marched on two villages, and attacked the positions occupied by the irregulars. The Russians were vastly superior in number, and had, moreover, 30 pieces of artillery. The Russian columns were almost annihilated. Despite the continual arrival of auxiliary troops they could make no impression upon the front of the Turkish line, and were at last utterly routed. Their loss was over 4,000 killed and about 3,500 wounded. Owing to their rapid retreat, they could not recover their dead. The Turkish loss, thanks to the sheltered position occupied by the Imperial troops, amounted to 40 killed and 60 wounded. After the fight the soldiers set fire to the villages deserted by the enemy."

MR. BELL, a young English artist, who went out to Cuba during the rebellion in that island (by the way there always is a rebellion in Cuba, isn't there?) and who subsequently did a lot of good work in America for *Frank Leslie's*, *Harper's*, the *Daily Graphic*, and other New York journals, returned to London on Wednesday. His wanderings have done him good. He has become a most accomplished draughtsman, as some of the sketches which he made in Washington and elsewhere abundantly testify. It would be satisfactory to those who are desirous of seeing trustworthily vivid pencilings of the war to know that he had been "sent out" by one or other of our illustrated contemporaries.

THEY have a neat way of reporting police cases in the city of Buffalo, State of New York. We read in a copy of the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* of recent date, that "the police captains this morning reported seventeen arrests, of which two were for disorderly conduct and four for intoxication. Fines to the amount of fifty dollars were imposed by the justices, and eight lodgers accommodated." That is all. It would add to the comfort of those lively emulators of a former knocker-wrenching, bell-pulling Marquis of Waterford, if such a system of reporting were adopted in this country.

IT is only necessary to point out that complete security is offered by the Penny Bank to its depositors, to further increase the rapidly-growing popularity of that admirable institution. The foundation stone of a new branch in Great Eastern-street was laid on Tuesday last by the Marquis of Ripon, under auspicious circumstances.

PROSPECTING for gold-dust on the West Coast of Africa is fondly believed by a metropolitan newspaper-proprietor to be a promising method of laying out a little idle money. He has sent out an expedition and—we wish him a million per cent. on his outlay.

ACCORDING to the *Scotsman*, Mr. Walter Bentley made "a hit—a palpable hit," as Hamlet, at the Princess's Theatre, Edinburgh, on Monday last.

Two Frenchmen were arrested the other day at Darlington, on a charge of highway robbery. They are the proprietors and exhibitors of a dancing bear, and it was alleged that they had made use of Bruin as a means to their nefarious ends. It is alleged that they met a woman on the moors, about three miles from Richmond, and by using the bear as an old-fashioned footpad would have used a pistol, frightened her into delivering up her portable wealth. Was the unhappy female a Moslem? Whether or not, ingenious writers of anti-Russian "leaders" might convert her into one. The local paragraphist states that, pending the exhibition of the human miscreants, "the bear is saddled upon the unfortunate owner of the stable" in which he is lodged. One shudders at the idea of being saddled by a bear!

IN reference to Mr. Creswick's benefit, which takes place at the Gaiety on the 23rd inst., we would say that it is far other than a simply complimentary performance. The veteran, who has grown grey in the service of the legitimate drama, needs help of a substantial kind, and we fervently hope that such aid may be accorded him without stint. The accommodation of the house ought to be tested to the utmost, not only by those who remember how Mr. Creswick elevated the performances at the Surrey years since, but by all classes of admirers of sterling histrionic art.

MR. BULMER is a member of the Middlesbrough Town Council. Mr. Bulmer is a gentleman whose notions of municipal etiquette are singular. The other day, at a

meeting of the Council of which he is a cherished ornament, the following scene occurred. He had risen to speak with his hat on.

MR. BULMER: In the House of Commons—(cries of "Hats off," and general smash).

MR. BULMER (with his arms folded across his chest): In the House of Commons—(cries of "Hats off," and more crashing). After which,

MR. IMESON said: I beg to move that if Mr. Bulmer won't respect the chair, the police superintendent take him out of the room (applause).

MR. BULMER: Mr. Bulmer intends to have his say ("Hats off," stamping and general uproar).

MR. BULMER: In the House of Commons, sir,—

But Mr. Bulmer was prevented from saying another word. Mr. Bulmer, sir, in the House of Commons, sir, a member usually removes his hat when he "addresses the cheer."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## ST. JOHN'S AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.)

SIR,—In your last week's notice of the entertainment given by the St. John's Amateur Dramatic Society, in aid of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (City-road), you did me the honour to refer in a complimentary manner to my new burlesque, *The Riva's Rascals, or Virtue Rewarded, and Vice-versa; a Terrific Tragedy in Three Throbs!* You, however, owing doubtless to some mistake, gave it the title of *The Brave Rascals!* As I cannot consider this an improvement on the original one, I hope you will allow me to make this correction. I may add (in reference to another portion of the said notice) that although my name is somewhat suggestive of the *Discovery of Greenland!* and the late Arctic Exploration, it is the one which has been transmitted to me by my father from his predecessors; and if, as you suggest, "no doubt, some pun is concealed," its concealment has been hitherto so effectual as to have entirely prevented its discovery. Hoping that you will excuse these corrections, with regard to the name of my burlesque and its author, I am, &c., A. GREENLAND, JUN.

218, Camden-road, N.W., May 14.

## PRECIOUS STONES AND GEMS.

A SUSPICION, often unjust, attaches to books which emanate from firms whose obvious interest it is to awaken a desire on the part of the public to know more of the articles which they invent or sell. It is possible that the reader who has heard (and very few English readers have not heard) of the eminent firm of Streeter may, chancing on the volume\* which is now before us, turn aside therefrom under the entirely erroneous impression that it is, to use the familiar language of the time, a mere puff. Nothing could be wider of the mark than such a notion. A subscriber to Mudie's who had failed to secure the novel on which his heart was set, might fairly be advised to substitute these for Mr. Edwin W. Streeter's entirely fascinating book. We feel, after reading it from end to end with unremitting pleasure, quite learned on the hitherto sealed subject of which it treats. We have learnt to despise the archaeological knowledge of the laureate, and to revere the matter-of-fact method of Charles Reade. Why, those diamonds for which the Knights of the Round Table tilted in the lists at Caerleon must have been, in point of art and workmanship, no better than bits of broken glass! In the blaze of light cast by the facets of Mr. Streeter's pages, the motif of Mr. Francillon's charming novel assumes an absurdity that, in our eyes, it did not formerly possess. We recall, aided by our author, "The Story of the Diamond Necklace," and the somewhat bloody legend is clothed with a new charm. Mr. Streeter has accomplished his arduous task lovingly, and with exemplary thoroughness. A glance down the list of contents shows that he has left no stone unturned. In section I. he treats of precious stones in general—giving, namely, definitions of the terms "gem" and "precious stone," where precious stones are found, their uses in bygone times, the working of precious stones, and precious stones as objects of commerce. In Section II. the diamond, Cape or South African diamond, Australian diamonds, Brazilian diamonds, Indian diamonds, colored diamonds, Bort and Carbonado, celebrated diamonds, and rough diamonds, are fully dealt with. Section III. brings under scientific notice the stones corundum, ruby, sapphire, emerald, Spinel and Balas rubies, opal, cat's eye, turquoise, and star stones, or asteria. In Section IV. Mr. Streeter treats in an interesting way of stones of inferior value, namely, amber, amethyst, agate, Alexandrite, aquamarine, bloodstone, carnelian or red chalcedony, chrysoberyl, chrysoprase, garnet, carbuncle, jacinth and cinnamon stone, jasper, Labrador, lapis-lazuli, malachite, moonstone, onyx, peridot, quartz, cat's eye, topaz, tourmaline, and hyacinth. Section V. treats of animal products used as gems, that is to say coral, pearls, and coloured pearls, and the author winds up his remarkably attractive treatise with some cogent remarks on the term "carat." There is abundant material for a hundred romances in Mr. Streeter's book. To us it has a charm akin to that which, years ago, abode in the pages of the "Arabian Nights." Scientific and popular, exhaustive and entertaining, Mr. Edwin Streeter's work must for many years to come be regarded as the one unerring standard of appeal on a subject of absorbing interest, not only to the monied classes but to the curious all over the world. The work is excellently illustrated. In fact, we have seen nothing better of their kind than the coloured plates, which are at once careful in drawing, correct in colour, and marvellously rich in effect.

MR. MAPLESON's arrangements for the Embankment Opera House, have been satisfactorily completed.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—We learn that Mdlle. Emilia Chiomi, who created a perfect furor on the occasion of her début at the Albert Hall, has been engaged by Mr. Mapleson, and will shortly début in the rôle of Lucia. Our correspondent at Florence, who was present at Mdlle. Chiomi's appearance as Mignon at the Pergola, writes:—"Mdlle. Chiomi received an immense ovation. Such a triumph, won before a strange audience, is something at which Mdlle. Chiomi may well rejoice, and which will doubtless remain for ever in her memory. She has a splendid voice, which is highly cultivated, and she sings with pathos, and phrases in the true Italian style."

A SALE, which will be memorable in the history of sport and the turf, has been announced to take place on the 5th of June next, when the fine old castled mansion so long known as "The Oaks" will, together with its magnificent park and picturesque grounds, be put up to auction by Messrs. Debenham, Tewson, and Farmer. The mansion was originally erected by the members of "The Hunters' Club," to be occupied during the season, and many interesting stories belong to it in phase of its existence when it was occupied in succession by Mr. Simons, Sir Thomas Gosling (the banker), and Lieut. General Burgoyne, who sold the lease to the eleventh earl of Derby, whose second wife was the famous actress, Miss Farren. It was christened "The Oaks" from an ancient grove of that name, and in its ground the first English Fête Champêtre took place. We shall probably devote an interesting article to this mansion in a future issue.

\* "Precious Stones and Gems: their history and distinguishing characteristics." By Edwin W. Streeter, Chapman and Hall.

## TURFIANA.

A SPORTING contemporary fully echoed our sentiments, when it stated, with reference to the late Chester Meeting, that the demands on thoroughbred horseflesh were too great to permit a supply of first class material to any centres of sport beyond those at which a liberal bonus of added money was forthcoming to make it worth their while to put in an appearance. There can be no doubt that we are overdone with racing, and some wholesome restrictions would be cordially hailed by all sincere well-wishers of the Turf, however distasteful they might be to those with whom considerations of profit weigh more than those of pleasure, and who are bent on money-grubbing, in whatever shape it may be most profitably carried out. The matter rests entirely with the Jockey Club, who have only to set in motion the machinery necessary for limiting the quantity of racing, and for suppressing with a high hand many of the mushroom meetings which benefit no one beyond their promoters, and have no possible claims to be considered more than mere excrescences from the tree of sport. Magisterial authority can only curtail the adjuncts of the "boozing and guzzling interests," which after all we have never held to be more than accessories to racing, though they have been put forward by certain of the "unco guid" as taproots of the evil. The Jockey Club have virtually the power of licensing Meetings by placing their ban upon horses which choose to contend at interdicted places, and though this may be deemed a roundabout and unsatisfactory process, it might be resorted to in default of other means of checking the growth of minor gatherings. It is a specious and plausible pretence to talk of the necessity for finding occupation for the rips and jades of the Turf, but if racing really has for its object the improvement of the breed how can this argument hold water? We often wish that members of the Jockey Club could be animated by the Herod-like spirit of their former colleague, Lord Glasgow, and decree a day, every now and again, for a slaughter of the weeds and screws kept in training merely for the purpose of supplying material to suit many meetings of the baser sort.

Dover has done good service by bringing under the notice of the ruling powers the delinquencies of a jockey attached to his stable, and in future lads holding confidential situations in training establishments will be more chary of divulging their masters' secrets to their corruptors. We only wish that some hold could be taken of these latter and far more serious offenders, for whom the excuses of tender years and liability to temptation cannot possibly be urged. To such wretches disgrace and expulsion from racing circles are of no consequence whatever, while their unfortunate victim has no choice left him but to join the ranks of his betrayers, and thus recruits are found for that army of depredators who hang about the skirts of racing society, and are too often cited as types of the general body which interests itself in the national sport. It would be of no avail to gibbet the names of those obscurities, which are changed so frequently as to prevent identification of their persons; but some attempt might at least be made to meet the urgent necessities of the case by calling the law into operation.

The system, of comparatively recent introduction, of making a minor forfeit payable to the fund in certain important two-year-old races, has cut both ways, by attracting more imposing entries at first, but also by detracting from the value of the race by the time it comes to be decided. The only persons really benefited by the innovation are promoters and their colleagues, who sucked quite sufficient advantage out of their ventures before, so that the plan may be said to have worked unsatisfactorily for the general interests of the Turf.

No one ever expected that any explanation would be forthcoming in respect of two recent notorious scratchings at Chester, but the remarks of the press upon the conduct of the owners of Hampton and Woodlands have been pointed enough to make the galled jade wince, and henceforward the saying, "Hobson's choice," will bear a different signification to that generally accepted, while an idea the reverse of satisfactory will be suggested by having a horse described as "going like a bird."

Isaac Woodcott's death, which had been expected for some months past, deprives the Turf of one of its best known figures;

and the drab breeches, go-to-meeting coat, white choker, and Quaker hat, were quite in keeping with a Turf generation with which the Wiltshire trainer could claim no more than a mere traditional connection. Though an imitator in dress of John Scott and the old school, he was not a Nestor in years, and his venerable appearance was induced more by his garb than by actual old age; and it should be borne in mind that he was the brother of Henry Woodcott, a comparatively young and active man. Isaac, however, enacted the part of a patriarch very cleverly, as became his name, and was perhaps best described by the vulgar but expressive appellation which clung round him so long. There were few better judges of yearling stock, and it was a treat to see him look over a youngster, not in that perfunctory style which mere superficial judges are apt to assume, but taking in thoroughly every point in succession, and summing up in the clearest and ablest manner. As a public trainer, he had of course many masters; and if he made no very brilliant hits during a somewhat lengthy career, he lost none of the many friends he had made in life, and

our great races, that the Oaks betting has opened with the support of La Jonchere, a performer of some distinction in France, and a daughter of Vermont. But though "anything may win the Oaks," and though many of the One Thousand Guineas representatives were decidedly below par as regards both appearance and performances, Placida and one or two others will take more beating than "alarmists" may imagine, and we need not cry before we are hurt. As regards the daughter of Lord Lyon, who hails from training quarters hitherto besieged by touts, we have heard great accounts of her well-doing of late, and both owner and trainer are very sweet upon her chance. The slight furore for outsiders of the Hidalgo stamp which momentarily troubled the still waters of our Derby betting, seems to have passed away, and there is a great gulf fixed between Chamant and the two nearest rivals to his throne. For Pellegrino we continue to have a very sincere respect, and so far the finishing touches of his preparation have been all that could be desired, and now that Morier is disgraced, and Acteon only in gentle work, Pellegrino

stands out as the acknowledged champion of the formidable yellow and black. Recent rains must have gladdened the hearts of trainers, and there should be no fear of the ground hardening again before the fateful 30th of May. Some strong two-year-old hands are being held in reserve for Epsom and Ascot, and as yet we have seen nothing of the high-priced notabilities among the yearling lots of last summer.

We have before called attention to the absenteeism of stewards of race meetings in the suburbs, a shortcoming now so common that it provokes no comment whatever, though it was solemnly declared some time since that the gentlemen who undertook that office were always to be found at their posts. At Alexandra Park last week a dispute arose, and on search being made for one of those energetic and popular persons who permit their names to be used as patrons of the meeting, none of them could be found to settle the case in point. There seems to have been, therefore, some reason in a complaint recently addressed by the Grand National Hunt Committee to managers and others connected with race meetings, protesting against so many cases being sent up to them which might easily be settled off-hand by the stewards. What is the use of gentlemen undertaking that post if no responsibility is to attach to the office, for surely so important a functionary should not content himself with appearing only in print, and taking no part in the responsibilities of the position he occupies. The real reason we suspect will be discovered to lie in the fact that there is a not unnatural shrinking from the off-hand settlement of disputes, which now occur so frequently, and form such a regular part of the day's proceedings, that no steward can expect to be presented with the "pair of white gloves" in honour of his office having been a sinecure during the meeting. The case of absenteeism is fully provided for in the new rules of racing, which empower stewards to appoint deputies, and though this provision has never been put in force, there is no reason why it should not be, and there should be no difficulty in finding persons of official as well as of officious capacities to undertake the work. The great majority of objections can be and should be settled off-hand, like a schoolboy's quarrel, and not be permitted to occupy the time and attention of tribunals



PORTRAIT OF FRASCUELO READY FOR WORK.

invariably gave satisfaction to his employers, as an honest and painstaking servant, though not, perhaps, a brilliant specimen of his calling. In fact his *forte* was rather to excel upon a "low rope," and though from time to time he had Derby aspirants under his charge, he is identified with no great celebrities such as those which have made others of his order men of mark. His manners were in keeping with his outward appearance—plain, respectful, and somewhat old-fashioned, but all had a kind word for "old Isaac," and it may truly be said of him that, while his friendships increased, he made no enemies, bearing the character of a simple-minded, honest man from first to last.

The defeat of Fontainebleau by Jongleur leaves things much "as they were," but if Vernueil had run, he would have furnished a better key to the situation, as being able to confirm the Criterion form of last year. M. Lupin's horse is spoken of as finely shaped, but not one of the handsome sort, and with something of the Dutchman stamp about him, for which his sire, Dollar, was never very conspicuous. Such a scare has taken hold of us in relation to the formidable front presented by French candidates for

appointed for more important affairs.

The two concluding days of Chester might be characterised as "melancholy weakness" long drawn out, and were devoid of any passing feature of interest, save that that fiddle-headed brute Warrior managed to beat a solitary opponent of very mild calibre; while at the Palace of the People some very fair sport was provided, notwithstanding the cramped inconvenience of the course and its dangerous turns. Things at "old Ebor" looked decidedly fishy, until the arrival of the Northern contingent on the morning of the first day put the authorities in better heart, and the doings on Knavesmire were fully up to its spring form, however greatly the competitors might show a falling off in quality. We made favourable notice of Queen Charlotte in the Sheffield Lane lot last year, and she showed very respectably in the Zetland Stakes and will earn many another winning bracket; for the lot behind her were above the average. In the absence of Julius Caesar from the Great Northern Handicap, there was a dreadfully ragged lot of cripes left to fight it out, and people surely must have forgotten that Glastonbury was held in some repute last autumn,

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which her first English successes were made. We should, however, be glad to believe that Violetta will henceforth disappear from the repertory of the gifted artist, whose name is associated with ideas of womanly purity, charity, and goodness. Signor Fancelli sang Alfreo's music well, but his acting did little to redeem the character from its intense curriishness. Signor Del Puente, as the elder Germont, sang and acted well, and the minor characters were efficiently filled.

In *Lucia di Lammermoor* Mdlle. Valleria, of whose success as Adalgisa we have spoken, made a further and greater success in the impersonation of Lucia. Her singing and acting were alike meritorious, and she obtained well deserved applause. Signor Fancelli, as Edgardo, sang splendidly, and acted as well as he could. Signor Rota was a capital Enrico, and Signor Rinaldini was a better Arturo than is usually provided. In the character of Raimondo, Signor Brocolini showed himself to be the possessor of a remarkably fine bass voice, and his acting, equally with his singing, merited praise.

*La Figlia del Reggimento* was produced on Tuesday night, and Mdlle. Mila Rodani made a success in the title character. She was ably supported by Signori Fancelli and Del Puente.

To-night will be one of the most important during the season. *Lucrezia Borgia* will be given, with Mdlle. Titiens in the title-character; and Madame Trebelli (Maffio Orsini), with M. Faure (Duke Alfonso), will make their first appearances this season. The Gennaro will be Signor Gillandi. Sir Michael Costa's conducting needs no praise.

#### THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

LAST week we discussed at some length the circumstances attendant on the origination of the Wagner "Festival." During the past week the concerts have been continued, and selections from *Die Walkure*, *Die Meistersinger*, and *Götterdämmerung* have been presented, in conjunction with specimens of Wagner's earlier works. At the concluding concert, to be given this afternoon, the novelty will be a selection from *Tristan* and *Isole*. This work is said to be eminently representative of Wagner's latest theories and practice, and until the extracts from it shall have been heard, we defer our final comments on the Wagner Festival and the lessons to be derived from it. So far as the "Nibelungen Ring" music performed at these concerts can enable an opinion to be formed, there seems every reason to coincide in the judgment pronounced upon it a year ago by the able critic of *The Times*, in one of his masterly letters from Bayreuth:—

"It is hardly too much to say that, apart from the drama to which it is allied, the orchestral music of the *Ring* would signify little more at the best than a succession of chords, scales (not frequently chromatic), figures, and snatches of tunes, distributed capriciously among the instruments, "tremolando" (*ad infinitum*) strange and unheard of combinations, perpetual changes of key, &c.; a chaos of sound, in short, now more or less agreeable, now more or less the opposite; and—deprived of the weird and singular fascination that attends it when obviously explained by what is being said and done upon the stage,—almost unmeaning."

If this was the deliberate judgment of a skilful and impartial critic, after hearing the *Nibelungen Ring* with scenic accessories, what must be the judgment to be pronounced upon it when performed at the Albert Hall concert room "apart from the drama to which it is allied?"

Mr. Alfred Burnett, the popular leader of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, gave a concert, on Wednesday, at the Blackheath Rink, assisted by Mr. F. Amor, Mr. Doyle, Mr. Edward Howell, and Mr. H. Lazarus. The vocalists were Miss Eleanor Norton and Miss Orridge. The programme was judiciously prepared, and the concert was a great success; special features being Mr. Burnett's fine performance of the Andante and Rondo from De Beriot's ninth concerto, and a Duo Concertante by Schubert and Kummer, for violin and violoncello, performed by Mr. Burnett and Mr. Edward Howell.

M. J. B. Welch, the well-known teacher of singing, at his annual concert on Thursday at St. James's Hall introduced (for the first time in London) Schumann's Requiem, Op. 138. Mendelssohn's Hymn, Op. 96, and several other well-selected pieces, were executed by Mr. Welch's chorus. Mr. Santley, Mr. A. Sullivan, Mr. Shakespeare, and other artists assisted, and the part-singing of Mr. Welch's pupils was much admired.

Mr. F. Osborne Williams, the able pianist and composer, gave a morning concert on Wednesday last at St. George's Hall, which was well attended. Mdmes. Liebhart, Sinclair, Osborne Williams, MM. Perren, Maybrick, Ganz, and other artists assisted, and among the successful novelties included in the programme were a new duet for contralto and tenor, "Behold the warrior band depart," and a MS. song, "Lonely" (words by Henry Hersee), which was warmly applauded. These and other vocal and instrumental compositions by the beneficere were leading attractions.

#### MR. W. H. VERNON.

MR. W. H. VERNON—with whose portrait we this week present our readers—is an actor who, already holding a secure position in the esteem of play-goers, is year by year advancing in the good opinion of the public and the critics. In these days of business managers and flaming posters, merit, which does not obtrude itself upon our notice through the medium of the walls and hoardings, is in danger of being overlooked. The critic's time is so much occupied in confirming or disposing of the pretensions of actors who thrust themselves prominently before the public eye that he has scarcely time or opportunity to fully recognise the merits of a deserving few who number modesty amongst their claims to admiration. Of these few Mr. Vernon certainly is one. Small indeed is the number of actors who have attained to his degree of excellence and popularity who are content to rest their claim to public recognition on desert alone, and we are rather inclined to find fault with the subject of our sketch for having made so little use of those adventitious aids to success, which, in this advertising age, have become almost essential. The world does not believe overmuch in modesty, and other things are necessary to the achievement of success besides deserving it. Patient merit has a rather rough time of it in this life, and makes its way by very slow degrees. The merely meritorious player finds his reward for several years of labour in the appellation of a "conscientious" actor; after bearing the burden of this well-meant, but somewhat exasperating adjective, for several years more he arrives at the dignity of being "pains-taking" and "competent;" if he still perseveres, in one or two years more he will discover that he is "versatile" and "useful;" from versatility and usefulness, he climbs his painful way to "excellence" and "great intelligence." Some lucky night he gets that long and anxiously-awaited opportunity for which he has been hungering all his life, and suddenly the critics find he is possessed of an amount of "histrionic resource" and "emotional intensity" which was "quite unexpected," and for which they "had not given him credit." There he generally stops, until the flaming posters and the business manager convert him into what is termed a "star," and the opera glasses of all the critical astronomers detect in him a blazing brilliancy before which for a period the surrounding planets pale their ineffectual fires. Mr. Vernon has not yet called in the services of the man of business, or indulged in letters more than an inch big, but he

has lately made a marked advance in his professional position, and we suppose the rest will come. Though principally known in London as a light comedian, Mr. Vernon is not one of those young "educated gentlemen" who, on the strength of a good personal appearance, and unlimited credit at a fashionable tailor's, suddenly assume a prominent position on the London boards, while the stage is congratulated upon their acquisition, but a thoroughly experienced artiste, who has begun at that very best of all places to begin at—the bottom, and has had that best of all educations for the stage—a long and arduous training in the business of his calling. The result is seen in the thorough-going and business-like way in which his work is invariably done—whether his part be good or bad, whether the house be full or empty—and especially in the manner in which he plays in with the other personages on the scene. It is always acting, and not playing at acting. If we respect one quality in Mr. Vernon's performances more than another, it is the earnestness with which he plays up to the points of other people—a quality in which he shows the instinct of the genuine artiste, whose ambition is first to contribute to the general effect and only secondly to shine himself. There is a great deal of the amateur about some actors of considerable note; about Mr. Vernon there is nothing of the sort; he is always an actor. This, in these times of "educated gentlemen" who cannot keep their hands out of their pockets, and whose notions of light comedy are inseparably associated with abundant handkerchief and wristband, is a great distinction; and we are indeed surprised that an artist so earnest, so thorough, so absorbed in his profession, should have fallen into the abominable habit of the modern actor of invariably wearing a moustache. This fatal error imparts a certain undesirable monotony to his appearance, and detracts more from the value of some of his impersonations than he is probably aware.

It is, however, quite a mistake to suppose that Mr. Vernon is, or ever has been, exclusively an actor of light comedy. In Bristol—the town with which his probationary career is principally identified—he has played many parts; so many that his exceeding versatility at last became almost a theme of complaint in the columns of the local press, whilst the excellence with which he played them all was upon one occasion made the theme of a leading article in a Bristol paper—an honour which is not often accorded even to distinguished actors. Our readers may not be surprised to hear that Mr. Vernon numbers Hamlet and Othello in his repertory; Mercutio, of course; Mark Antony, Macduff, and Romeo; but they will probably be mildly astonished to know that their Strand favourite has played a Vampire, and that in the judgment of the *Bath Express* he admirably looked and played "the double character of man and demon." So great a favourite was Mr. Vernon with the Bristol public, that upon his coming to town he was presented with a handsome testimonial by some of the leading citizens.

In London, Mr. Vernon first appeared at the opening of the Globe Theatre, when he performed the part of Cyril in the best of Mr. Byron's comedies, with a success which will be in the remembrance of our readers. At the Haymarket and Olympic theatres he has also distinguished himself—notably in conjunction with Miss Bateman and with Madame Beatrice; but it is with the Strand that he has been principally associated. Here his name has become familiar to the public in connection with a series of comedies by Mr. H. J. Byron. His performances in *Old Soldiers*, its companion piece, *Old Sailors*, and *Weak Woman*, must still be fresh in the recollection of the playgoer; nor is O'Callaghan, the dilapidated Irishman upon *His Last Legs*, yet forgotten. More recently, his excellent performance of Orlando Middlemark in the delightful comedy, *A Lesson in Love*, has confirmed his position in the good opinion of the public. It would be impossible to find a better instance of the comic style of Mr. Vernon than his playing in the third act of this merry little piece. From the moment when he rushes on the stage with that conspicuously orange cover of the "Cornhill Magazine" tucked under his arm, until the curtain's fall, it is impossible to conceive anything more entertaining and, in a certain sense, exciting, than the comic intensity with which he takes the play upon his shoulders, and carries it clean through. The almost tragic agony with which his wavering mind debates the question, whether or not it will be judicious to present the object of his affections with a particular number of that well-known periodical, the convulsions of feeling with which he first prefers and then withdraws the orange offering, and the terrible state of mental confusion into which the distractèd lover gradually works himself, present an example of pure comedy of a very high and admirable order. If anybody doubts the possibility of such a thing as "comic force"—and we have heard it doubted by those who should know better—let him take the earliest opportunity of seeing Mr. Vernon in this most forcible and yet most comic scene. The contemporary stage affords no better proof of how much more enjoyable are the artistic touches of the high comedian than the broader and more obvious resources of the low.

In serious comedy Mr. Vernon has, until quite lately, had no opportunity of appearing at the theatre with which he is connected. Hence, and hence only, he has made his reputation principally as a light comedian. Whether this long connection with a theatre devoted chiefly to burlesque and the lightest of light comedy has been altogether advantageous to the style and reputation of an actor of so much intelligence and versatility may well be open to argument. That it has been of great advantage to the Strand there cannot be a doubt. The high position held by Mrs. Swanborough's theatre for excellence of discipline and smoothness of performance is in no small measure due to the stage management of Mr. Vernon, the influence of whose judgment and experience is felt in many a piece in which he is not personally seen. That union of the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, which is essential to good management, is one of Mr. Vernon's most conspicuous qualities, and whilst there is no theatre in London in which discipline is more determinedly maintained than at the Strand, there is probably none amongst whose company there is a kindlier fellow-feeling, and in which there exists more cordial sympathy between superior and subordinate, employer and employed.

The character in which Mr. Vernon is represented in our portrait is that of Sir Geoffrey Heriott in the comedy of *Mammon*—a part which is distinctly different from those in which he has been latterly appearing, and with which his reputation is identified. Our opinion of his acting in this comedy we have recorded, and it has been endorsed already by the public. In fact, this impersonation, which stands more prominently forth, than any in which Mr. Vernon has lately been appearing, has distinctly impressed him in the good opinion of the playgoer, and marks a firm step forward in his professional career. It is not easy for an actor who has been playing light comedy for months and years to suddenly throw off the lightness of his bearing, and assume the force of character and strength of sentiment; it is still harder to remove his previous reputation from the mind of the spectator and prevent it influencing that spectator's judgment. Mr. Vernon must expect to find the measure of fame which he has achieved in lighter parts a little in his way in the assumption of a graver character. Sir Geoffrey Heriott is a complex part. In the earlier scenes he bears a strong family resemblance to Mr. Affable Hawk. This naturally suggests Mr. Charles Mathews. Mr. Mathews is a voluble speaker; Mr. Vernon is also voluble. The result is that some critics have accused him of deliberately imitating Mr. Mathews in this part. The criticism is

a shallow one. The styles of the two actors, although sometimes superficially alike, are really diametrically opposite. The style of the older actor is essentially phlegmatic and imperious; that of the younger is essentially earnest and intense. And if there are some phases in the character of Sir Geoffrey Heriott which could only be portrayed to perfection by Mr. Mathews, there are others well and powerfully portrayed by Mr. Vernon which are quite outside his reach. With every repetition of the character the acting gains in finish and repose, and by-and-by will be added a little of that nameless grace and distinction of bearing which can only come of constantly performing high class parts, which enables an actor to give pleasure to his audience by simply sitting down upon a chair, and is to acting what the bloom is to the flower. There are very few actors who unite solidity with lightness, comicality with earnestness, to the same extent as Mr. Vernon; there are certainly none who deserve success more thoroughly and bear it with more modesty; and we congratulate him and the public upon his discovery of a part which has brought his manifold good qualities so prominently to the front, and helped to obtain for him that position in popular and critical estimation which of right belongs to him and which he will maintain.

#### COMING EVENTS.

##### DRAMATIC.

Mr. Hollingshead announces the welcome advent of the French Plays, which are to begin their season on Monday next, at the Gaiety Theatre, commencing with *L'Ami Fritz*, and *Février*, and Mdlle. Alice Lody to fill the first parts, supported by an excellent company. On the 4th of June, Theresa will appear, and play in all her most celebrated characters. On the 8th of June she will make way for the ever popular Chaumont, who will bring some new and specially written songs. The Vaudeville Company will also appear in all their best plays, and we shall again applaud Parade and the accomplished artists of that favourite theatre.

The Greenwich Theatre has been taken by Messrs. Cave and West.

The Gaiety Season will re-commence on the 6th of August.

Mr. Charles Calvert is about to commence a month's engagement at the Theatre Royal, Brighton.

Mr. John Clayton has been engaged for the next season at the Prince of Wales'.

The only Morning Performances to-day are *Artful Cards*, with Mr. Toole, and a farce at the Gaiety matinée; *Cyril's Success* at the Aquarium Theatre, and *Europides's Alcestis*, with Mr. Gandy's new music, at the Crystal Palace, with the usual entertainment at German Reed's, Maskelyne and Cooke's, and the Moore and Burgess Minstrels.

Numerous changes take place to-night, mostly in anticipation of Whit-sundae.

The Lyceum reopens after a few nights interval with Mr. Charle's Reade's rewritten version of *Le Courier de Lyons*, entitled *The Lyon's Mail*, in which Mr. Henry Irving will sustain the dual characters of Lesurges (the victim), and Dubosc (the robber).

At the Gaiety Mr. Toole terminates his engagement, and makes his last appearance in London this season. This will be last of the present entertainments and company for the present, as the long announced French plays commence on Monday evening.

At the Adelphi, Mr. Falconer's Irish drama, *The Peep o' Day* will be replaced by a revival of Mr. Boucicault's well-known *Streets of London*, which will be followed by the Martinelli troupe in the pantomime ballet of *Robert Macaire*.

At the Folly will be produced *The Pet of the Petticoats*, with Miss Lydia Thompson in her original character; and the new burlesque, *Oxygen*, will be presented in a reconstructed form, and with new music and effects.

Mr. Holland revives Mr. J. A. Cave's celebrated drama, *The Old Toll House*, at the Surrey.

The Queen's, arranged and decorated after the style of Covent Garden, during Messrs. Gatti's winter concerts, re-opens for a season of promenade concerts, directed by M. Rivière.

Mr. Creswick's farewell benefit, previous to his departure to Australia, takes place at the Gaiety, on the afternoon of Wednesday next, when he will appear as Macbeth, supported by a very strong cast, including Mr. T. C. King as Macduff, Mr. Henry Marston as Banquo, Messrs. Sinclair and Barnes as Rosse and Lennox, Mr. W. H. Stephens as Duncan, Messrs. T. Meade, John Clarke, and David James as the three Witches; Miss Constance Loseby, Miss Kate Field, and Mr. Wilford Morgan as the three Singing Witches; Mr. Celli as Hecate, and Mrs. Arthur Stirling (Mrs. C. Viner) as Lady Macbeth.

Mrs. Swanborough takes her benefit at the Strand Theatre next Saturday, the 26th inst., when performances will take place both in the afternoon and evening for the occasion, and Mr. J. S. Clarke will make his last appearance here.

For Monday next the announcements are as follows:—

Mr. Righton enters on his season of management at the Globe with Boucicault's drama of *After Dark*, supported in the principal characters by Messrs. Ryder, Charles Harcourt, J. Billington, and E. Righton, and Misses Emma Rita and Lydia Foote.

At the Opera Comique *Married for Money* will be revived for Mr. C. Mathews's appearance in another of his original characters.

The Duke's Theatre re-opens for another managerial experiment with three new and original pieces; a serio-comic drama, in one act, entitled *The Stage*, followed by a drama, in three acts, *Forbidden Love*, and an extravaganza under the title of *A China Wedding*. Among the leading members of the company engaged to support the foregoing are the popular and clever artists Miss Julia St. George, too long absent from the London stage, Miss Lillian Adair, and Mr. George Barrett.

Messrs. Douglas produce at the National Standard a new drama by Hugh Marston, *The Courier of the Czar*, adapted from Jules Verne's celebrated novel; and Mr. Cave brings out a new drama at the Marylebone, written expressly for that theatre, under the title of *Face to Face*, a story of the Corinth coast.

Mr. Maskelyne will introduce his new automaton "Zoe" for the first time at the Egyptian Hall.

On Monday Miss E. Farren and the Gaiety burlesque company will be transferred to the Opera Comique, where they will appear in *Young Rip Van Winkle*.

The programmes of the Princess's, Prince of Wales's, Olympic, Vaudeville, St. James's, Criterion and Court undergo no alteration for Whitsunday.

Mr. Howard Paul will give four representations of his Entertainment on Whit Monday at the Alexandra Palace.

##### MUSICAL.

At the Aquarium will take place the first of four operatic and promenade concerts, for which Mr. Robertson has entered into arrangements with Mr. Mapleson, and several of the leading vocalists of Her Majesty's Opera will appear, supported by a full orchestra, chorus, and military band. The other concerts will be given on three succeeding Saturday evenings.

A concert, under the direction of Madame Sainton-Dolby, is to be given at the Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden-street, on the 6th of June, in aid of the funds for the restoration of Handel's organ in the parish church of Little Stanmore.

Mr. W. Shakespeare gives a grand morning concert, on Tuesday next, in Victoria-street.

The Swedish harpist, Adolf Sjoden, is in Paris.

Herr Anton Rubinstein is reported to have made £8,000 by his tour through England, in company with Mr. Carl Rosa, this spring.

Signor Carrion, the new tenor, and son of the celebrated tenor of that name, will make his début this (Saturday) evening.

Mdlle. Titiens will sing at the Grand Military Concert, on the 26th inst., at the Albert Hall.

Madame Christine Nilsson will give a concert in aid of the Westminster Charities, on June 6th.

Madame Puzzi's concert is announced for June 28th.

Rubinstein's farewell concert will be given at the Crystal Palace, on June 4th.

The Cambridge University Musical Society's concert will take place on June 18th and 2nd.

On June 7th, the Wandering Minstrels will give an evening's musical entertainment in aid of a charity.

Signor Tito Mattei's Matinée will be given at the Oak Lodge, Kilburn, on the 26th.

M. Rivière will this evening commence a three months' season of Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Theatre, which has been specially decorated and fitted for the purpose in view. Mesdames Edith Wynne, Antoinette Sterling, Signor Bettini, and other popular artists will sing, and a band of 150 performers will be directed by M. Rivière, assisted by Mr. Alfred Cellier. A new solemn patriotic march, composed by M. Rivière, will be produced at the opening concert.

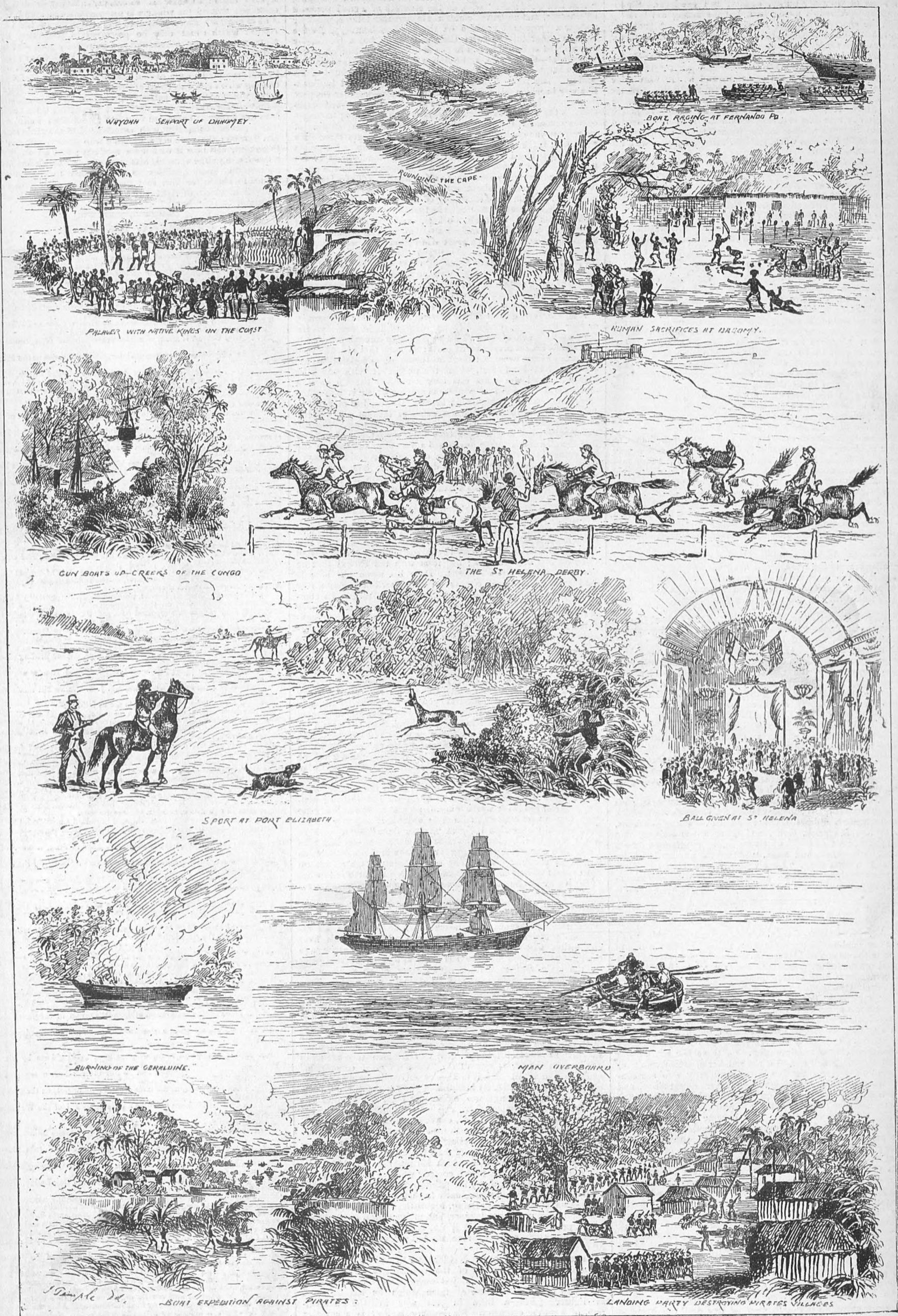
M. Jacobi, the clever and popular musical director of the Alhambra Theatre, announces his first benefit concert at St. George's Hall, on Friday afternoon, May 25th. M. Jacobi will have the invaluable aid of M. Faure, and Mdlle. Valleria, of Her Majesty's Opera; also Signor Bettini, Signor Tito Mattei, M. Lasserre, and many other artists, besides a band of seventy performers. M. Jacobi's new vocal solo, "The Mermaid's Waltz," will be sung, for the first time in public, by Miss K. Munroe. After the concert, a farce will be performed by Miss Emma Chambers, Mr. Marchant, and Mr. Harry Paulton.

##### MISCELLANEOUS.

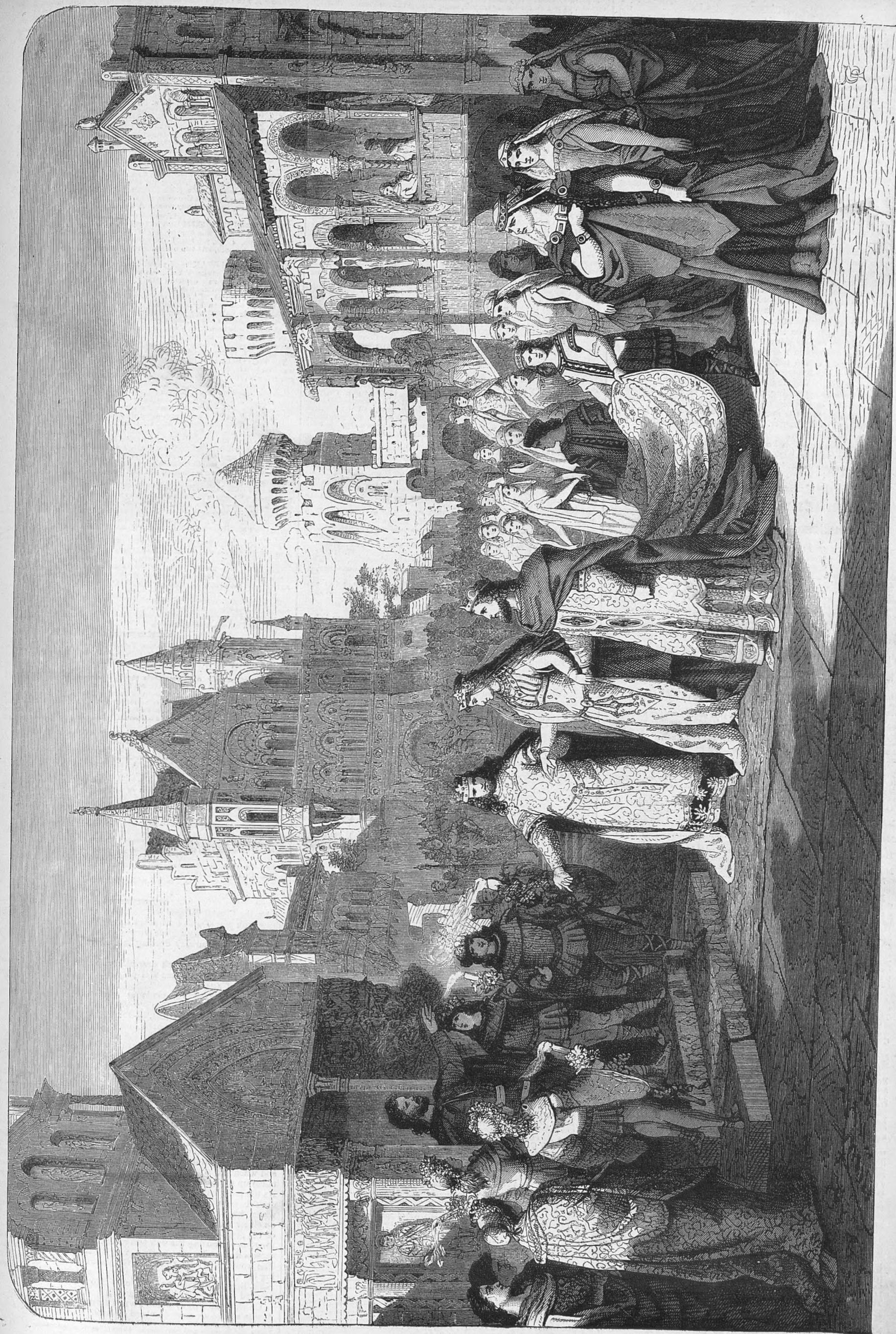
The annual grand Caledonian fancy dress ball will take place on the 25th of next month, at Willis's Rooms.

Doctor Doran is to be chairman at the dinner to be given in honour of Mr. Creswick on the 28th.

Bullock's Marionettes will open to-day in the Great Hall of St. James.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN COMMISSION.—(From Sketches supplied by an Eye-witness.)



SCENE FROM THE SECOND ACT OF THE OPERA OF "LOHENGRIN."

## BULL-FIGHTING IN SPAIN.

SPANISH bull-fighting has of late claimed so large a share of public attention in connection with the controversy regarding its possible extinction in Spain, that we have considerable satisfaction in giving our readers glimpses of the recent bull-fight which had so unfortunate a termination, together with a portrait of one of the most famous picadors in Spain.

The costume worn by the picador is bright and picturesque in effect, and is so made as to afford him considerable protection while performing the dangerous duties of his office. His legs are encased in iron, covered with chamois leather; his large hat is so made as to form a very effectual protection for the head. Our artist—a Spanish one of high repute, now visiting this country—shows us the picador in the arena, where the struggle actually takes place. The back of the engraving represents (first) the barrier over which the bull-fighters on foot jump when pursued by the bull, and beyond it another barrier, higher than the former and surrounded by a strong cable, which provides for the safety of the public, in case the bull in one of its furious rushes should succeed in clearing the first barrier.

The following extract is from a letter which accompanied the sketches from which the drawings on another page were executed:—

"Frascuelo is one of the best bull fighters in Spain. On this occasion the bull having killed a horse, and brought its rider heavily to the ground, he ran to divert the savage animal's attention from his fallen comrade with the usual coloured cloth. It so happened that the serious danger incurred by the man on the ground induced another of the bull-fighters who was on the opposite side of the ring to do the same thing. As the two sprang forward they ran one against the other; before they could recover themselves the bull was upon them, and catching Frascuelo on his horn, hurled him to the ground. While prostrate the bull again attacked him, giving him a severe wound on the inside of the left thigh, and being driven off, Frascuelo contrived to get up and stagger towards the barrier. The sketches sent herewith are four in number, and show first the two men just after the collision, when they were endeavouring to effect their escape. Secondly, the elevation of poor Frascuelo upon the horn of the bull. Thirdly, the prostrate fighter at the mercy of his foe and fourthly his staggering wounded to the barrier. It is almost unnecessary to add that I was an eye-witness."

Frascuelo's work consisted of killing two bulls in the manner of diving a sword into the back between the shoulders. His salary is £120 sterling per week."

T. BRUNEL PIESSE.

## PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

## CHESTER MEETING.—(Concluded.)

THURSDAY.

The CHESTERFIELD STAKES (Welter Handicap) of 100 sovs each, with 100 added; second saved stakes; 7 fur; was won by Mr. Bryson's ch b Herald by Laneret out of Nightjar, 5 yrs, 9st 1lb (Glover), beating (by a length) Mrs. Pond, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb, and two others. 7 to 1 agst Herald, 5 to 2 agst Mrs. Pond.

The BADMINTON STAKES of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 200 added, for two year olds; 5 fur; was won by Duke of St. Albans's b c Gaberlunzie by The Palmer out of Lady Dot, 8st 12lb (F. Archer), beating (by a length) Modesty, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb (300 sovs), and two others. 6 to 4 agst Love Apple, 5 to 2 agst Modesty, 4 to 1 agst Gaberlunzie.

The Sixty-fifth DEE STAKES of 20 sovs each, 10 ft, with 200 added, for three year olds; the second received 10 per cent. and the third 5 of the stake; Grosvenor course.

Mr. F. Pryor's ch c Bonnie Robin by Friponnier out of Bonnie Kate, 8st 12lb.....F. Archer 1

Mr. J. A. Hind's Lady Johnstone, 8st 1lb .....T. Chalonier 2

Mr. Johnstone's The Bellman, 8st 1lb .....G. Cooke 3

Also ran: Constantine, 8st 12lb, and Grand Templar, 8st 5lb. 2 to 1 agst Grand Templar, 3 to 1 agst Bonnie Robin, 4 to 1 agst Lady Johnstone, 6 to 1 agst Constantine, and 8 to 1 agst Bellman. Won by three-quarters of a length; three lengths between second and third.

The MAY PLATE of 100 sovs, for two year olds; penalties and allowances; half a mile. Was won by Mr. T. Green's b f Gwendoline by General Peel out of Little Jemima, 7st 12lb (100 sovs), (Morgan), beating (by a neck) Mr. R. Peck's Raft, 7st 7lb (100) (Macdonald) and two others. 13 to 8 agst Empress of India, 7 to 4 agst Gwendoline. The winner was bought in for 200 guineas.

The CESTRIAN HANDICAP of 100 sovs; T.Y.C. Was won by Mr. Bryson's ch h Herald by Laneret out of Nightjar, 5 yrs, 9st (inc. 6lb extra) (Glover), beating (by two lengths) Mr. J. Crick's Neruda, 3 yrs, 7st (Hopkins), Mr. I. Bate's Miss Gertrude, 6 yrs, 7st 1lb (Huxtable), and three others. 7 to 4 agst Herald.

The CHESTER STEWARDS' CUP of 250 sovs, by subscriptions of 15 sovs each, 3 ft, with 75 added; Grosvenor course.

Mr. Gomm's b c Warrior by General Peel out of Neroli, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb .....Morley 1

Mr. T. Green's Aragon, aged, 8st 2lb .....Morgan 2

6 to 1 on Warrior, who won by ten lengths.

The EARL CHESTER'S PLATE of 50 sovs, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft; winners extra; 5 fur.

Major Stapylton's b f Slander by Blue Mantle out of Princess, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb .....J. Macdonald (walked over)

FRIDAY.

The WIRRALL WELTER PLATE of 100 sovs, added to 10 sovs each; the second received 20 sovs; about 7 fur, was won by Mr. D. Pennant's b c Distingué by Cardinal York out of Damages, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb (Glover), beating (by a length) Mr. Tulk's Red Rose, 5 yrs, 9st 6lb (Morbey); Mr. Jardine's The Bellman, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb, G. Cooke, and three others. 2 to 1 agst Distingué, 10 to 3 agst Red Rose, 4 to 1 agst Deceit, and 5 to 1 agst Lauzun. A neck between second and third.

The WYNNE STAKES of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 added, for two year olds; half a mile, was won by Lord Anglesey's b f Vic by Victorious out of Imogene, 7st 11lb (£100) (Morbey), beating (by a head) Sir G. Chetwynd's Thoas, 8st 3lb (£200) (Constable); Mr. T. Ansley's Fasting Girl, 8st 13lb (inc. 4lb extra) (F. Archer), and two others. 13 to 8 agst Thoas, 10 to 2 agst Vic, and 5 to 1 each agst Fasting Girl and Blaue Hexe. A length and a half between second and third. The winner was sold to Colonel Forester for 220gs.

The GREAT CHESHIRE STAKES, a Handicap of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 500 added; the second received 50 sovs; winners extra; nearly one mile and a quarter; 20 sovs.

Captain Stirling's b c Pluton by Plutus out of Promise, 4 yrs, 7st Morgan 1

Mr. R. Jardine's Hemlock, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb.....Jones 2

Mr. Gomm's Warrior, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb .....W. Macdonald 3

Also ran: Omega, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb (inc 6lb extra); Footstep, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb; Professor, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb; Skotzka, 5 yrs, 6st 6lb (car 6st 9lb); Mrs. Pond, 3 yrs, 5st 8lb; Sans Reproche, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb; Lady Johnstone, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb, 3 to 1 agst Pluton, 7 to 2 agst Footstep, 10 to 15 each agst Warrior and Omega, 100 to 12 agst Sans Reproche, 10 to 1 agst Professor, 100 to 8 agst Skotzka, 100 to 7 agst Mrs. Pond, 100 to 6 agst Hemlock, and 20 to 1 agst Lady Johnstone. Won by ten lengths, a length between second and third, Omega was bad fourth, clear of Sans Reproche. Footstep cantered home next, and all the others pulled up, with Mrs. Pond a long way last.

The WILTON HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 100 added; the second received 20 sovs; 6 fur, was won by Mr. J. Bates's b k m Miss Gertrude by Saccharometer out of Miss Fanny, 6 yrs, 6st 7lb (Jones), beating (by six length) Mr. J. Crick's Neruda, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb (Heather); Mr. W. Sadler's Queensland, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb (Howey), and four others. 3 to 1 agst Instantly, 7 to 2 agst Serape, 5 to 1 each agst Le Promeneur and Aragon, and 100 to 15 agst Miss Gertrude. A neck between second and third.

The Second Year of the Ninth BEAUFORT BIENNIAL STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 added, for three years olds; the second receive 10 per cent; about one mile, was won by Mr. Gomm's b c Grand Templar by Rosicrucian out of Frivolity, 8st 4lb (Glover), beating (by two lengths) Mr. F. Pryor's Bonnie Robin, 8st 6lb (inc 5lb extra) (F. Archer); Lord Vivian's May Bell, 7st 8lb (£100) (Morgan), and two others. Even agst Bonnie Robin, 100 to 30 agst May Bell, and 6 to 1 agst Grand Templar. Half a length between second and third.

The LADIES' PURSE of 100 sovs; 5 fur, was won by Mr. Tulk's b m Red Rose by Blackthorn out of Blanche of Lancaster, 5 yrs, 11st (£100) (Glover), beating (by a length) Queensland, 4 yrs, 6st 5lb (£50), and another. Even on Red Rose. The winner was sold to Sir Beaumont Dixon for 360gs.

The CHESHIRE AND WYNNSTAY HUNT PLATE of 100 sovs, of 5 sovs each, 3 ft; about two miles on the flat, Mr. Howett's b c Sir Robert Clifton by The Palmer out of Virginia, 4 yrs, 1st Mr. Shaw 2

Captain Pigott's Roundhead, 5 yrs, 12st 9lb .....Lord M. Beresford 2

Mr. Cameron's Treasure, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb .....Mr. Spence 3

Also ran: York, 4 yrs, 11st 11lb; Pitman, 5 yrs, 1st; St. Mark, aged, 1st 2lb. 5 to 4 on Sir Rober Clifton, and 3 to 1 agst Roundhead. Won by a head; bad third.

## NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

TUESDAY.

A MAIDEN PLATE of 100 sovs, added to 10 sovs each, for two year olds; last half of R.M., was won by Prince Bathyan's b c Julius Celsus, by Julius—Penitent, 8st 10lb (Morris), beating (by two lengths) e by Sun-deelah—Tragedy, 8st 10lb, and three others. 2 to 1 each agst Julius Celsus and the Tragedy colt, and 7 to 1 each agst Messman, Folie Avoine, and Wideawake; three-quarters of a length between second and third.

The SPRING TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, with 200 added; for two-year-olds. Rous Course (5 furlongs; was won by Mr. Ellerton's b f Ersilia by Rosicrucian—Hilda, 8st 7lb (R. Wyatt), beating (by three lengths) Mr. Bush's r c Bishop Burton, 8st 10lb (Constable); Prince Soltykoff's b c Thurio, 8st 10lb (Cannon), and four others. 5 to 2 agst Ersilia, 3 to 1 agst Kingcup, 9 to 2 agst Bishop Burton, 6 to 1 agst Freebooter, 8 to 1 agst the Amethyst filly, and 10 to 1 agst Dare Devil.

The DITCH MILE HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 200 added; the second saved stake. D.M. (7 furlongs 20 yards.)

Mr. Beddington's ch c Altyre by Blair Athol—Lovelace, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb

Hopkins 1

Mr. H. Savile's Zee, 4 yrs, 8st .....H. Covey 2

Mr. T. Trentham's Mirabolante, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb .....C. Wood 3

Also ran: Polly Perkins, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb; Plaisante, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb; Woodbridge, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb; Mavis, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb (car 7st 12lb). 3 to 1 agst Altyre, 5 to 1 agst Zee, 6 to 1 agst Polly Perkins, 7 to 1 each agst Plaisante and Mavis, and 100 to 8 (at first 5 to 2) agst Mirabolante. Won in a canter by eight lengths. Polly Perkins, Mavis, and Plaisante finished head and head at the heels of Zee, and the last of all was Woodbridge.

A SELLING STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 added. T.Y.C. (5 furlongs 140 yards). Was won by Lord Lonsdale's Oxonian by Oxford-Araby's Daughter, aged, 9st 10lb (F. Archer), beating (by three lengths) Pearldrop, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb, and Narbo, 2 yrs, 6st 10lb (£100). 4 to 1 on Oxonian. Not sold.

A SWEPPSTAKES of 25 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 added; for two year olds; last half of R.M. Was won by Mr. Ellerton's b f Ersilia, 8st 13lb (inc 6lb extra) (R. Wyatt), beating (by a head) Dalgarro, 9st 2lb (inc 6lb extra), and two others. The betting opened at 2 to 1 and finished at 13 to 8 on Ersilia, 100 to 30 agst Blue Peter, and 6 to 1 agst Dalgarro.

The NEWMARKET SPRING HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 200 added; second saved stake. Brethy Stakes Course.

Count F. de Lagrange's b m La Sauteuse by Man-at-Arms—First Lady, 5 yrs, 8st

C. Archer 1

Mr. Baltazzi's Coriolanus, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb .....J. Goater 2

Mr. Alexander's Briglia, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb .....Wainwright 3

Also ran: Queen of the Bees, aged, 9st 2lb; Kineton, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb; Breechloader, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb; Mousquetaire, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb; Orthos, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb; Meg Merrilles, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb; Dynamite, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb. 100 to 60 agst Coriolanus, 7 to 1 each agst La Sauteuse and Meg Merrilles, 10 to 1 each agst Breechloader, Mousquetaire, Briglia, and Dynamite, and 100 to 7 agst Kineton. Won by two lengths; half a length between second and third. Kineton (on the judge's side) was fourth, close up, and at a clear interval succeeded Mousquetaire, Orthos, and Breechloader, and last of all being Queen of the Bees.

A SELLING WELTER STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 added. Brethy Stakes Course (5 furlongs), was won by Lord Hartington's Oxonian by Oxford-Araby's Daughter, aged, 9st 10lb (F. Archer), beating (by three lengths) Pearldrop, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb, and Narbo, 2 yrs, 6st 10lb (£100).

The NEWMARKET TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE of 200 sovs, added to 100 sovs each, h ft; winners extra. Rous Course.

Mr. Houldsworth's b c Brother to Newry by Lacydes—Blanchette, 8st 10lb

.....T. Osborne 1

Mr. Baltazzi's b c by Pero Gomez—Fair Star, 8st 10lb .....F. Archer 2

Lord Hartington's Quicksilver—Richmond Lass, 8st 8lb .....H. Jeffery 3

Also ran: Oasis, 8st 10lb; Flavius Titus, 8st 10lb; Conquest, 9st 1lb (£50); Corona (late Queencraft), 8st 8lb; f by King o' Scots—Blanchette, by D'Estournel 8st 8lb; Zero, 8st 10lb.

6 to 5 agst the Fair Star colt, 4 to 1 agst Brother to Newry, 7 to 1 agst Quicksilver, 10 to 1 agst Conquest, and 20 to 1 agst any other. Won by three parts of a length, a bad third.

WEDNESDAY.

Stewards—Sir J. Astley, Earl of Hardwicke, and Admiral Rous; judge, Mr. Clark; starter, Mr. M'George; clerk of scales, Mr. W. Manning.

The THIRD CLASS TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE of 100 sovs, added to 50 sovs each; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. Last half of Abingdon mile.

Lord Rosslyn's Wideawake by Chattanooga—Slumber, 8st 12lb

.....F. Archer 1

Sir J. D. Astley's b f by Broomielaw—Richmond Lass 8st 8lb .....Cannon 2

Mr. F. Pryor's ch f by Friponnier—Sphynx, 8st 8lb .....C. Wood 3

Also ran: Oasis, 8st 10lb; Flavius Titus, 8st 10lb; Conquest, 9st 1lb (£50); Corona (late Queencraft), 8st 8lb; f by King o' Scots—Blanchette, by D'Estournel 8st 8lb; Zero, 8st 10lb.

6 to 5 agst the Fair Star colt, 4 to 1 agst Brother to Newry, 7 to 1 agst Quicksilver, 10 to 1 agst Conquest, and 20 to 1 agst any other. Won by three parts of a length, a bad third.

WEDNESDAY.

The BRETHY STAKES of 100 sovs, for hunters, two miles on the flat

was won by Mr. G. Simpson's Chance, by Camerino—Redbreast's dam, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb (Mr. H. Simpson), beating (by two lengths) Mr. J. Danby's g

by Marksman—Haphazard, 6 yrs, 12st 11lb (Mr. G. Walker); Mr. W. C. Walker's Busybody, 4 yrs, 12st 7lb (Mr. Hutchins), and three others. 3 to 1 agst Chance, 4 to 1 each agst Busybody and Serio Comic, 5 to 1 agst Haphazard gelding, and 7 to 1 agst Durham Castle.

The TYRO STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 sovs added; for two-year-olds; half a mile, was won by Mr. C. Blanton's b f Scottie, by Scottish Chief—Costabelle, 7st 6lb (£50) (Greaves), beating (by a length); Mr. R. Peck's Raft, 7st 6lb (£50) (J. Macdonald); Mr. Northern's Braw Laddie, 7st 10lb (car. 7st 11lb) (£50) (Bruckshaw), and four other. 2 to 1 agst Scottie, 5 to 2 agst Butterscotch, 100 to 30 agst Raft, and 10 to 1 agst Blue Stockings filly. A length between second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. W. Sadler for 200 guineas, and Mr. Saunders bought Blue Stockings filly for 21 guineas.

The FLYING DUTCHMAN'S HANDICAP of 100 sovs, added to 100 sovs each, 5 ft; one mile and a quarter was won by Mr. W. Bevill's Rhidoroch, by Joskin—Peahen, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb (W. Macdonald), beating (by three lengths) Mr. E. Temple's Mount Grace, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb (Collins), Mr. Bowes' Skotzka, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb (Macdonald), and five others. 2 to 1 agst Rhidoroch, 5 to 1 each agst Hemlock, Mount Grace, and Skotzka, and 8 to 1 agst Church Bell.

The CONSOLATION SCRABBLE HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs

## CRICKET, ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, &amp;c.

It is perhaps not generally known that one of the most attractive cricket matches of the London season, and which, unless I am much mistaken, was first played at Prince's, was suggested by the editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS. Of course I refer to the game between the Gentlemen of the South against the Players of the North, which match this year was the first of any note on the programme of the Surrey club. Considering that so many of our best players are now absent from England, being en route from Australia, the contest was booked as almost a moral for the gentlemen, although they by no means were playing their full strength, but the result afforded one more proof, if such proof were wanting, that "the battle is not always to the strong." The players won the toss, and taking advantage of the excellent wicket went in first, A. Shrewsbury and Barlow being the first pair of batsmen. So well did the professionals acquitted themselves that they were not all dismissed until they had obtained 267 runs, of which Shrewsbury contributed no less than 119 by really faultless batting, Wild adding 31, Lockwood 23, Barnes 21 (not out), Oscroft 17, and Barlow 15. Messrs. W. G. Grace, Absolom, Foord-Kelcey, Gilbert, and G. F. Grace all bowled, but the two former only were successful as regards obtaining wickets, Mr. W. G. getting seven men at the cost of 98 runs, and Mr. Absolom three for 70 runs—both proving rather expensive. The Gentlemen lost two wickets, W. G. and Gilbert, who made 11 and 10 respectively, for 23, when the stumps were drawn for the day. On Friday owing to the rain, Morley and Mycroft proved difficult to play, and except Mr. G. F. Grace (28), Mr. Buller (27), and Mr. Foord-Kelcey (21 not out), no one made much of a stand, and the innings closed for 130 only, a follow on being imperative. Morley secured six wickets, M. McIntyre two, and Mycroft one each. Although Mr. W. Grace was again unfortunate in being bowled off his legs when he had made 29, his brother, Mr. G. F., and Mr. Gilbert both succeeded in scoring 40, while Mr. Foord-Kelcey fairly surprised every one by putting together 52 in capital form, and Mr. Cranston played very carefully for 24 (not out), and in spite of Mr. Buller's absence 240 runs were obtained ere the ninth wicket fell. At five o'clock on Saturday the rain was falling in so persistent a manner that it was deemed advisable to leave the game drawn, the players of the North having without doubt a little the best of the contest.

One of the most extraordinary matches likely to be played this season took place at Lords' on Monday and Tuesday last, when the Marylebone Club and ground were opposed to England (so called). How England could be adequately represented without Daft, A. Shaw, Hill, Emmett, Ulyett, &c., who might be mentioned, I, among many others, am quite at a loss to conceive. In fact it would have been much more politic to have deferred the match until the return of Lillywhite's term from the antipodes. W. G. of course played for the M.C.C., while G. F. opposed him on behalf of England. The Club went in first but were all out for 114, of which Mr. J. S. Russel contributed 24, Mr. F. Penn 10, Messrs. Hornby and Green 15 each, and W. G. II, Watson clean bowling "the crack" and being credited with six other wickets. England began well, but the tail of their eleven, except Pinder (13), did nothing. Barlow played steadily as usual, for 37, but at the conclusion of their first innings, 100 only was all that had been aggregated. Watson and Lockwood made short work of Marylebone at their second attempt, 36 being the grand (?) total, of which Mr. Buller (7) was the chief scorer. Watson again had seven wickets, and Lockwood the other three. England now required 51 to win, but Mycroft and Morley were so "dead on" the stumps, and the wicket, owing to rain, playing false, they were all out in an hour for 26 only, thus leaving Marylebone winners by 24. Watson at one time had secured six M.C.C. wickets for two runs, his analysis in the second innings reading thus:—20 overs, 16 maidens, 10 runs, 7 wickets; while Mycroft in the second innings of England bowled 15 overs, 9 maidens, for 12 runs and six wickets.

Saturday last saw the inauguration of the Second Spring Meeting of the L.A.C., and, despite the weather, there was a numerous and fashionable attendance, numbering in the vicinity of 2,500. One curious feature of the programme was the entire

absence of any contest on the cinder-path proper, as, although there was plenty of bicycling, no foot-race took place during the meeting. The broad jump was won by C. L. Lockton, L.A.C., with the fair spring, considering the day, of 20ft, L. Junker being second, beaten 6in. W. Y. Winthrop, L.A.C., put the 16lb shot 35ft 9½in, beating two others, but was defeated in the hammer-throwing by both W. B. Pattison, Gipsies F.C., 92ft, and J. R. W. Webb, St. George's Hospital A.C., 83ft 3in, as the shot winner could only accomplish 75ft. The light-weight boxing fell to H. S. Giles, L.R.B., who after three good rounds, defeated A. Macfarlane (introduced). A. F. Bassano (Kensington B.C.) walked over for the final of the middle weights contest, F. Francis declining to compete therein. In the heavy weight rally R. F. Smith (W.L.R.C.) beat J. M. de Mesurier (Kensington Park C.C.). The foil contest was won by P. R. Rodger (L.S. School of Arms), as he easily defeated R. Pullman (W.L.R.C.) in the final bout. Singlesticks.—R. Hazard had no difficulty in beating T. Wace (Hon. Artillery) by five hits to two. In the high jump J. Y. Watson, L.A.C. (5ft 5in.) beat F. G. Nott-Bower, Clapham Rovers F.C. (5ft 4in.) and C. Potter, introduced (5ft 3in.). The tug of war was an easy victory for A. C. Inderwick (L.A.C.), who had no difficulty in pulling H. N. Griffin (L.A.C.) over the line twice in succession. The four miles bicycle handicap was a complete success, and the result thereof redounds greatly to the credit of the astute framer M. S. Rucker, the winner turning up in the scratch man W. Wyndham (L.B.C.), G. F. Beck (370 yards) being second, and W. T. Thorn, L.B.C. (280 yards) third. Wyndham collared his men some 250 yards from home, and won a most exciting race by about six yards; two yards dividing second and third, and a similar distance third and fourth. Winner's time was 13 min. 30 sec, and he rode an "Eclipse" of the "Nonpareil's," J. Keen, champion.

About the only thing noticeable in the meeting held at the Pomona Grounds, Manchester, on Saturday last was the 440 Yards Challenge Cup (Club), which fell to C. Hazenwood, of Chester, who beat the holder, G. W. Boswell, Rusholme, after a rattling race, by nearly three yards. Dulwich College Sports do not present any salient features for comment, the meeting having been mediocre in the extreme, and hardly up to the former prestige of the institution; this stricture, must, however, be taken *cum grano*, as the day was sufficient to stall off all but enthusiasts, and, though the "spirit" may be willing enough in the student, the "flesh" will succumb to extraneous circumstances.

After the usual amount of "talkee talkie" on paper, Weston's chief backer has forwarded £100 to a contemporary to cover a similar amount deposited by Mr. Cooke (Crossland's supporter) for a six days' walk for £500 a-side and the championship of the world. Mr. Cooke has appointed to meet Weston at the *Sporting Life* Office on Monday next, when articles somewhat similar to those in the late O'Leary-Weston match will be submitted to Crossland and his backer for signature.

On Monday last one of the old-fashioned sculling races between Thames and Tyne took place over the championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, the competitors being T. Green, of Hammersmith, and Ralph Hepplewhite, of Dunston, for a stake of £100 a-side. It will doubtless be remembered that the men met last year on the Thames, and that Green won easily at the finish, his opponent being so dead beat soon after passing Hammersmith Bridge that he could not go any further, and had to be fairly carried out of his boat. In one respect a much more unsavourable day for the spectators could not be imagined, as the rain was coming down with a persistency more to be admired by market gardeners than by those whose minds were bent on sculling matches. However, there was a capital tide, little or no wind, and the river was as smooth as the proverbial millpond. Hepplewhite, on the morning of the race, weighed 10st 8lb, and Green 9st 7lb; but as the north countryman had been troubled with a gathered hand, while his opponent never seemed better in health or in better form, the odds which at first were 6 to 4 on Green, gradually expanded, until 10 to 4 was offered before the start, which was fixed for a quarter to two. Owing, however, to the starting-boats not being moored in their proper places—off the Star and Garter be it remembered, and not off the Aqueduct—it was fully half an hour later before they got

sway, after one false start. Green, on the Middlesex side, got slightly the best of the start, but Hepplewhite was soon level with him, and up to the Point it was an excellent race. Going across towards the Soap Works the struggle for supremacy was finely contested, but it was plain that Green had his opponent safe, as rowing 32 to Hepplewhite's 34 per minute, he held the Tyne man without difficulty. Although a little beyond the Soap Works, Hepplewhite held a slight lead, a spurt from Green quickly took him again in front, and he went under Hammersmith Bridge about a length and a half to the good. From this point the race may be said to have virtually ended, and the remainder was nothing more than a procession, Green leading at Biffen's by four lengths, at Barnes Bridge by 120 yards, and taking matters easily winning by 100 yards in 23min 5sec. Mr. John Ireland, L.R.C., acted as umpire.

As the summer term eight-oared races either at Oxford and Cambridge are not yet concluded, I must delay comments on them until a future period, merely noting that at Oxford Brasenose, who started head of the river, have been bumped both by University and Pembroke, and that Exeter, who were fourth at starting, have succumbed both to Balliol and Magdalen.

The Layton pairs of the L.R.C. were rowed in wretched weather on Saturday. In the first heat E. S. Prior and B. Horton beat C. H. Whitchurst and F. S. Gulston (2), and W. and A. Grove (o); H. H. and F. L. Playford beat W. Hewitt and W. Playford (2), and O. D. Chapman and C. H. Warren (3) in the second heat. The final heat was won by H. H. and F. L. Playford, who beat Prior and Horton by nearly six lengths.

EXON.

*The World* says:—"It is not unlikely, I hear, that a committee of a West-end club, which numbers among its members two gentlemen intimately connected with Hampton, will call upon them to explain certain circumstances in reference to the scratching of that horse for the Chester Cup. Indeed, it is stated that they have been so called upon, and that one of them has been taken ill in consequence. Committees who 'want to know' are great bores." The same authority also informs us that two very promising young men, Lord Duncan Macpherson and Sir Bosworth Binton, are just now the delight of the bookmakers. They take any price that is offered them, Mr. Steel being kind enough to lay them at Chester 700 to 400 against Snail for the Cup. That gentleman was most attentive, and constituted himself their shadow during the week. Other members of the Victoria Club were equally pressing in their attentions, and the appearance of these, the two latest recruits to the noble army of backers, has been hailed with much satisfaction—by the Ring.

OFFENBACH'S new arrangement of his popular opéra-bouffe *Orphée aux Enfers* was successfully produced on Monday, May 7, at the Alhambra Theatre, after a long and prosperous career at the Paris Gaîté. So much music has been added to the original work that it is now of considerable length, and furnishes sufficient entertainment for an entire evening. The bulk of the new music is that attached to the three ballets which form a prominent feature in the performance, and in it Offenbach is worthy of himself. The vocal music which has been added is less piquant than the original melodies, but the new song "Vainly would you fly me" (well sung by Miss Robson in the character of Public Opinion) made the greatest vocal success of the evening, and was unanimously encored. The new song for Eurydice in Act III. ("Ah me what a destiny cruel") is quaintly pretty, and the couplets, sung by Venus, Cupid, and Mars, the saltarello sung by Mercury, the rondo for "Love's Policeman," and Cupid's song (with kissing chorus), "When a Sly Housewife," are likely to become popular when better known. The last-named, cleverly sung by Miss Emma Chambers, was encored.

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## SALES BY AUCTION.

Surrey.—The important and exceedingly attractive Freehold Residential Estate, distinguished as The Oaks, for many years the favourite hunting seat of the 13th Earl of Derby, who founded the Oaks and Derby Stakes at Epsom, naming the former race after this estate. The property is delightfully situated at Woodmansterne, in a very beautiful and picturesque part of the county, about 2½ miles from Carshalton and Wallington Stations, whence the City and West-end are reached in about half an hour, three from Caterham Junction, five from Epsom and Croydon, and fifteen from London. It comprises a fine old castellated mansion, most substantially built in red brick, covered with ivy, occupying a commanding, yet well-sheltered position, in handsomely timbered grounds, and park of about 150 acres. The mansion is approached by two lodges entrances, with long carriage drive through the park, and contains on the upper floors 21 bed and dressing rooms, housekeeper's room, and spacious landings; on the ground floor, portico, large entrance-hall, 30ft by 16ft, with French windows opening to lawn, wide stone staircase and corridor leading to a handsome suite of reception rooms, comprising an elegant drawing-room about 33ft square, with French casements opening to lawn, a noble and lofty dining-room, 42ft by 21ft, 3, handsomely decorated with Corinthian columns and bas reliefs and domed ends to ceiling, a library 24ft 6in by 21ft 6in, a morning room 17ft 6in by 14ft 9in, and the usual domestic offices; the whole well supplied with good water. The pleasure grounds are noted for their singular beauty and charming seclusion, and, though extensive, are exceedingly inexpensive to maintain. They include wide-spreading lawns, ornamented with some grand old trees and specimen shrubs, presenting when in leaf a charming variety of foliage, also flower garden, shrubbery walks, rookery, &c. There are productive walled kitchen gardens, well stocked with choice fruit trees, conservatory 88ft long, viney and peach house 50ft long, potting sheds, and icehouse; detached is a capital laundry and stabling for seven horses. Adjoining is the beautifully undulating and well-timbered park, entirely surrounded by a wide belt of plantations, in the centre of which is a delightfully shaded walk. On the opposite side of the road is a small farm homestead, three capital loose boxes for hunters, three labourers' cottages, blacksmith's shop, and enclosures of meadow land, the whole embracing about 180 acres, and forming in its entirety one of the finest country seats in the neighbourhood of London. The property is bounded on two sides by capital roads, to which there are valuable and extensive frontages, a portion of which may be made available for building purposes without affecting the privacy of the remainder. The estate, for its size, affords an unusual amount of good shooting, and is particularly noted for holding a large head of pheasants and hares. It is believed more shooting can be hired. Hunting with the Surrey Union and old Surrey fox-hounds and the Surrey star-hounds.

MESSRS. DEBENHAM, TEWSON, and FARMER are instructed to offer for SALE, at the Mart, on TUESDAY, JUNE 5, at 2 o'clock (unless previously disposed of by private contract), the

above valuable FREEHOLD ESTATE. May be viewed by cards only, and particulars, with plans and view, obtained of Messrs. Walters and Gush, Solicitors, 3, Finsbury-circus, E.C.; and of the Auctioneers, 80, Cheapside.

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## NEWS.

THE female sea lion at the Brighton Aquarium gave birth early on Monday morning to a fine young one. Both cow and calf are doing well. This is the first instance on record of the sea lion breeding in captivity.

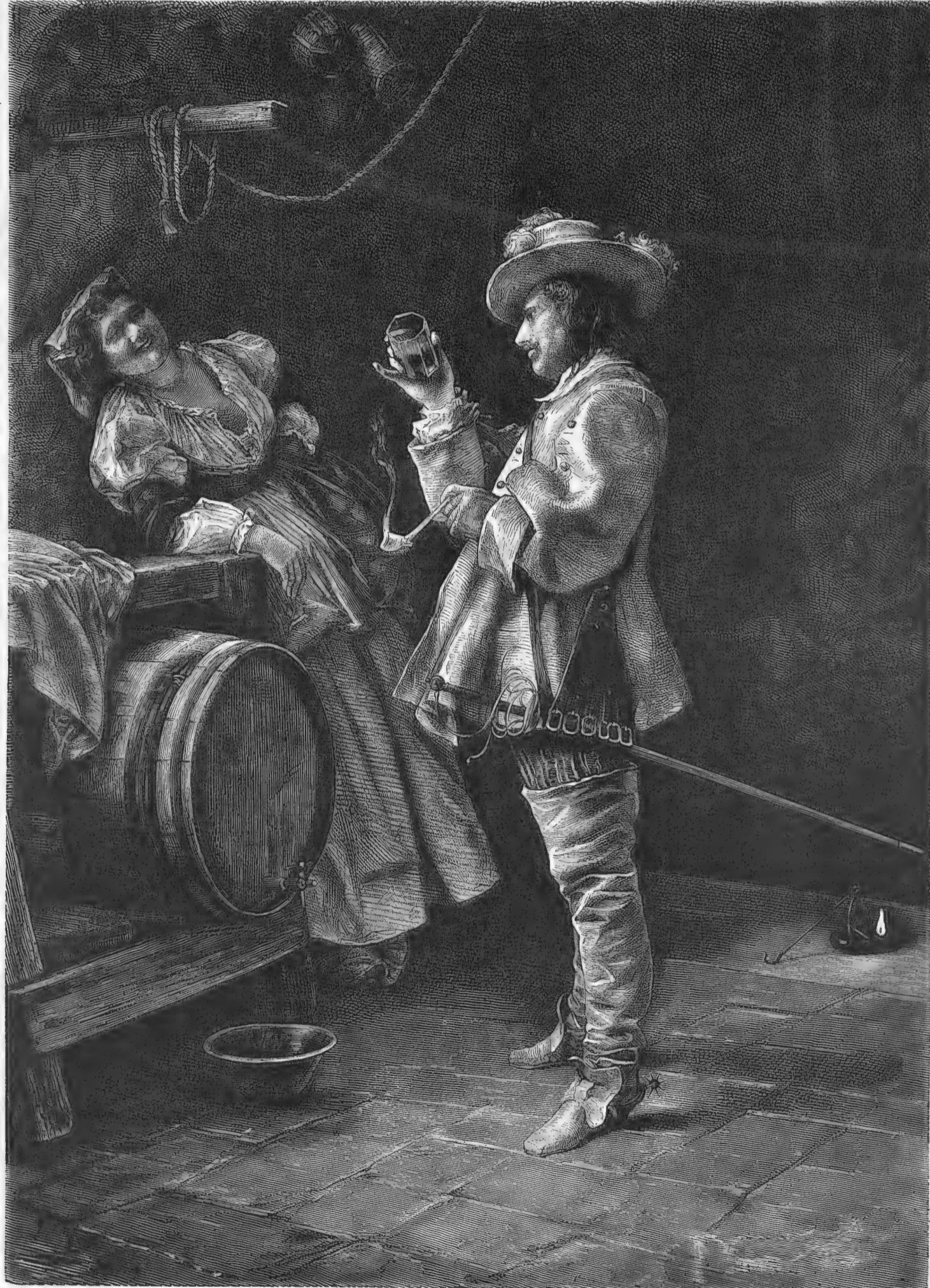
A HORTICULTURAL AND FLOWER SHOW will take place at the Orleans Club grounds, Twickenham, on Friday and Saturday, May 25 and 26, and is expected to be one of the grandest and most fashionable shows of the season.—The grounds are very beautiful; the distance from town easy by rail, the station being

within ten minutes' walk of the grounds; or a pleasant drive of ten miles by coach from Hatchett's Hotel, direct to the show. When we state that the entire management of the show is in the hands of Mr. Rollison, the eminent florist of Tooting, it is a sufficient guarantee that everything will be done to ensure success.

A VERDICT for the plaintiff with one farthing damages, was given in the Exchequer Division on Saturday in the action for libel brought by Mr. John Baum against a Baptist minister named Brandon. The plaintiff, who was formerly the proprietor, and is now the manager of Cremorne Gardens, alleged that in October, 1876, the defendant falsely and maliciously published and cir-

culated a pamphlet, by which he had sustained loss in business, and had suffered public hatred, contempt, and ridicule. The defendant denied that the pamphlet had been published with malice or fraud, and maintained that the statements were true, so far as they referred to the gardens themselves, and were, therefore, privileged. Mr. Justice Hawkins, on the verdict for a farthing being given, refused to certify for costs.

VICE-CHANCELLOR MALINS last week heard an application on behalf of Mr. Chatterton, the lessee of Drury-lane and the Princess's Theatres, for an injunction to restrain Mr. Jefferson, the well-known representative of Rip Van Winkle, from acting



"WILL THAT DO, SIGNOR?"

at any place other than the Princess's Theatre, or otherwise than for the plaintiff's benefit, until after the 31st of August next, and in particular from acting at an intended performance at the Haymarket Theatre. It was, however, refused, on the ground that the Vice-Chancellor could come to no intelligible construction of the contract between the parties, although he thought that Mr. Jefferson had not acted fairly towards Mr. Chatterton.

THE first of the 5-ton challenge matches at Holyhead, the Freda v. the Vril, came off on Monday last, and resulted in the

defeat of the English Freda, contrary to the expectations of the knowing ones. They started at twelve o'clock, the wind being E.S.E., with square-headed topsails and balloon fore-sails. The course was about 16 miles. The Freda was across the line first, but as soon as Vril got her sails properly set she at once commenced to overhaul her long opponent, and at the end of the breakwater was first boat. From this she increased her lead foot by foot, and at the end of the first round had two minutes to the good. The wind here shifted, which made it a dead run from

Penrhos Beach to the flag boat off Soldiers Point. Vril here carried away the goose neck of her spinnaker boom, and immediately after the boom itself, which, getting in the water, allowed Freda to come up; but as soon as Vril got round the flag-boat and hauled ast sheets the English boat was not in it. The official time at finish was—Vril, 3h. 4m. 32s.; Freda, 3h. 5m. 17s. The crews were as follows:—Vril: J. B. Hilliard, G. L. Watson (designer), C. H. Kingsley (finesse), pilot, and one paid hand. Freda: Mr. John Webb and four paid hands.

## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

As I expected, Mr. Sydney Grundy's excellent comedy, *Mammon*, has been placed upon the programme of the Strand Theatre. It seems a little odd that the management of this house should have allowed so good a piece to be subjected to the experimental process of a morning performance. However, it is now cast with but slight alteration, as it was at first, and forms an unusually attractive feature of the Strand performances.

There are, to speak Gladstonically, three aspects under which *Mammon* may claim to be regarded as a good play. In the first place it is so intelligently adapted from its French original as to earn all the merit of a new production. Octave Feuillet's *Montjoye*, illuminated by the histrionic genius of Lafont, was a dramatic triumph. But *Montjoye* was too strong a production in its naked realistic portraiture to meet with popularity in anything but a modified English dress. Mr. Grundy (and here is the first merit of his adaptation) has, while seizing securely upon the vigorous vertebrae of the French play, so altered a part of the sentiment as to bring the whole into harmony with what cannot be otherwise designated than as our insular prejudices. It cannot be questioned that amongst us who have with more truth than poetry been styled a "nation of shopkeepers," some of the strongest dramatic characters are to be derived from commercial life. Sir Geoffrey Heriott, in *Mammon*, is a personage who may be met with upon 'Change any day. Mr. Anthony Trollope, in his very interesting novel, entitled "How we Live Now," has depicted forcibly the bold and unscrupulous financier of the period. This is the character who forms the leading figure in Mr. Grundy's play. And from the first scene, in which we find



What Mr. Grundy said—

Sir Geoffrey in conversation with his confidential clerk, and are at once inducted into the complicated machinery of his ambitious schemes, our interest is fairly enchain'd. The second distinctive merit of Mr. Grundy's play is the extremely delicate, and yet dramatic, manner in which he has worked the idyllic love business between the daughter of the ambitious City man and the son of the old friend upon whose ruin Sir Geoffrey built up his fortune. It may justly be said that no modern comedy since J. W. Robertson died has contained so pretty a love scene as that in which Violet is gradually persuaded to give a bunch of the flowers whose name she bears to the lover whom she has been struggling to keep in ignorance of her love. The third aspect under which *Mammon* deserves to be regarded with appreciation is its literary aspect. Mr. Grundy's dialogue is pure and easy, and occasionally brilliant. The author's facility in this respect has not, however, led him into the common blunder of young and aspiring dramatists—namely, superfluous verbiage. Indeed, his play shows such a practical sense of the necessities of theatrical science as indicates a more than ordinary aptitude for dramatic work. The faults of *Mammon* are those which arise from the inevitable difficulty of suppressing or toning down strongly dramatic incidents that our stage does not admit of. Therefore the relations of Mark Chinnery, Esq., the rough-and-ready vulgar north-country millionaire, and the woman who is supposed to be his wife, seem vague to an English audience, although in *Montjoye* they are thoroughly and forcibly defined. But altogether Mr. Sydney Grundy must be congratulated upon his work, which gives him at once a respectable place amongst the practical dramatists of the day.

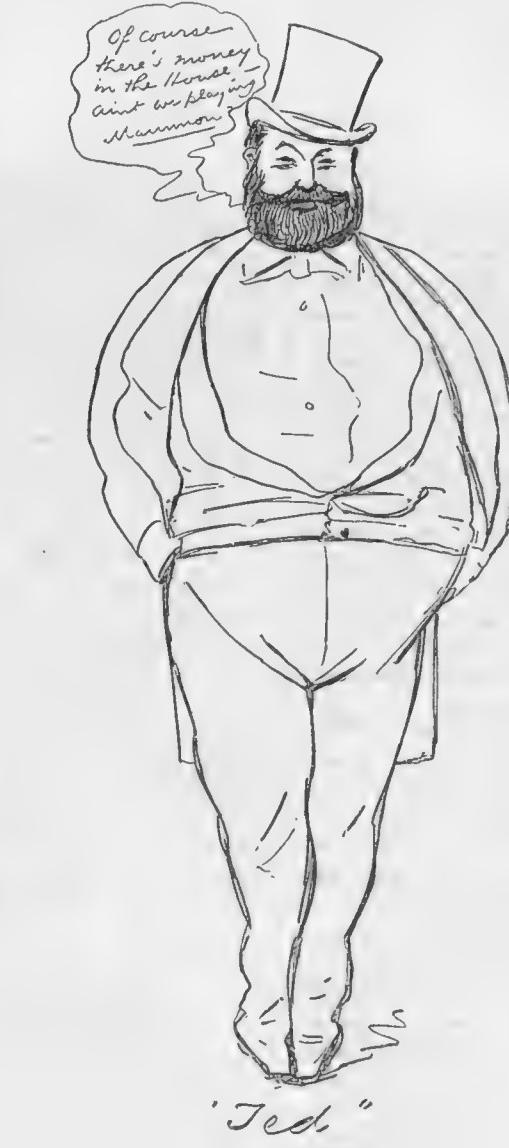
As for the acting, Mr. W. H. Vernon must be credited with an immense advance upon his former efforts by his impersonation of Sir Geoffrey Heriott. If he would entirely subdue his light comedy manner, which tends in some of the situations to rob the performance of its due strength and earnestness, there would be every reason for ranking his impersonation amongst the best

artistic studies that the stage has afforded of late. Miss Ada Swansborough, as Lady Heriott, is an immense improvement upon the original exponent of the part at the Gaiety. She seems to appreciate the gloriously dramatic sentiment of the leading situation, which is, indeed, worthy of the powers of any accomplished actress. Mr. J. G. Grahame is well-

ment of a drama called *Life in the Coal Mines; or, the Fatal Fire Damp*. When it is remembered how the whole country was stirred by the life-tragedy at Pontypridd a few days ago, our enthusiasm seems excusable. However, I was very tired, and I fell fast asleep. When the play was done my friend awakened me, and in answer to my interrogatories gave me the following lucid description of what had transpired on the stage during my slumbers:— "There was in the principal scene an explosion of fire-damp (about 2d. worth of gunpowder, I should say), and then the mine was closed in with a landscape in flat, presenting a mining district. The proprietors of the mine hurried on—so did the chambermaid of the piece—now, alas! overwhelmed with grief. 'What has happened?' saith the proprietor. She cannot answer for weeping. Then was heard a deep, bass groan (most undoubtedly from the prompter). 'What is that?' saith the proprietor. 'Those are the cries of the widows and orphans,' answers the girl; 'there has been an explosion in the mine!' And they hurried off together. The next scene disclosed the ground above the mine, with beams and pulleys, &c., and around the mouth of the pit (centre trap of the stage) stood the anxious multitude of three miners and two women (one with a boy of tender years). The proprietor rushes on; 'Will any one volunteer to rescue the pore fellers?' No response. Then were dragged on the two villains of the piece, who during the earlier stages of the show had headed a strike, knocked the proprietor of the mine on the head, and robbed him (he was not killed fortunately), afterwards setting fire to the mansion in which he had lived, and

conventionalities that somewhat kill his chances of making the most of a very good part. The same may be said of Mr. Webber, in the part of Wentworth. Mr. Harry Cox, as Mark Chinnery, gives a capital character sketch.

Being in the locality, I went with a friend to the Marylebone Theatre the other night. We were attracted by the announce-



Mr. Harry Cox as a millionaire.

attacking a woman down in the mine, finally, of course, igniting the fire damp. However, as these villains are on their way to jail. 'Ha!' shouts the proprietor, 'I will grant ye pardon if ye will rescue those pore fellers down in the bowels of the earth.' But of course they were cowards like himself and wouldn't go. Opportunely at this juncture enters a stalwart and daring young man, who has already quite won the hearts of the audience. He ups, and he says, says he, 'I will go for one; who will accompany me?' Then one of the three men who comprised the multitude took heart and joined him. While they were preparing to descend, one of the immense concourse was observed to move off quietly at the O.P. side. He soon returned, however, borne up the shaft by the two heroes, all much exhausted by the incident, as might well be imagined. After which, the curtain descended amidst the united cheers of the miners and minresses—and the prompter." My friend's lively description made me wish I had been less utterly sleepy.

A NEW literary, artistic, and dramatic club, to be called The Green-Room, is being organised. Its home will be in a house at the west corner of the Adelphi-terrace, by the Strand. At present its promoters are almost exclusively dramatic. Another new club, to be called "The Kemble," to be exclusively dramatic, has also been projected.

So the Dramatic College has collapsed at last. The scheme was a mistake from beginning to end. Actors as a rule are not a poverty-stricken race, and if any of them fall into misfortune none are more ready or more generous with their help than their professional brethren and sisters. From this so-called "college" they have, however, always held off in a very remarkable way. Under pressure some of their number condescended once a year to take part in the dismal buffooneries at the Crystal Palace; but at last even that performance had to be given up. From that time the fate of the almshouses at Woking, with their cheerful view of the South-Western Railway and the Woking Cemetery, was sealed. Year by year the financial position of the undertaking has been growing worse, until it would now appear to have reached the lowest depths of insolvency. Six months ago a meeting was held, at which it was determined to make a special appeal to the dramatic profession all over the country. How far that appeal was successful may be guessed from the fact, which came out at the special meeting of the council last week, that the assets of the concern amount to no more than £8, and that its liabilities are £327 16s. 8d. Under such circumstances it is obvious that the council adopted the wisest course in resolving to realise their property and to purchase annuities for the pensioners.—*The World*.

Continuation of Middle Park Yearlings and other Horse Auctions.

A BAY FILLY, by Rosicrucian, out of Anderida (sister to Kingcraft), by King Tom, her dam, Woodcraft, by Voltigeur, grandam by Venison, out of Wedding Day, by Camellia.

A BROWN FILLY, by Rosicrucian, out of Gamos (dam of Cupid), and winner of Epsom Oaks, by Saunterer, her dam, Bess Lyon, by Longbow out of Daughter of Toscars, by Bay Middleton.

A BAY FILLY, by Rosicrucian out of Lucy Hylda, by Stockwell, her dam, Lady Hylda, by Newminster, out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Economic.

A BAY FILLY, by Rosicrucian, out of Miss Winkle, by Newminster, her dam, The Belle, by Slane, grandam, Miss Fairfield, by Hampton.

A BLACK COLT, by Parmesan, out of Hibernica, by King Tom, her dam, Lady Gough, by Launcelot, out of Jeannette (dam of Artillery), by Birdcatcher.

A BAY FILLY, by Parmesan out of Grand Duchess, by King Tom, her dam, Princess, by Bolingbroke or Brockley, out of Incurable, sister to Lambton, by The Cure, dam, Elphine, by Emilius.

A BROWN FILLY, sister to The Mite, by Parmesan, out of Touch and Go (dam of Billy Pedder, Dulwich, &c.), by Touchstone, her dam, The Darter, by Tearaway, out of Puss, by Teniers.

A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Parmesan, out of Wild Beauty (sister to The Kake, and dam of Freshman, &c.), by Wild Dayrell, her dam, England's Beauty, by Birdcatcher, out of Prairie Bird, by Touchstone.

A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Parmesan, out of Dora, by Weatherbit, her dam, Ada Mary, by Hobbie Noble or Marsyas, out of Glancey, by Venison, her dam, Eyebrow, by Whisker.

A BAY FILLY, by Parmesan, out of Mrs. Wolfe, by Newminster, her dam, Lady Tatton, by Sir Tatton Sykes, out of Fair Rosamond, by Inheritor, grandam by Waverley.

A BAY COLT, by Blain Athol, out of Lady Di (dam of Annette, her first produce), by King John, her dam, Delight, by Birdcatcher, out of Extasy, by Touchstone.

A CHESTNUT COLT, by Blinkhoolie, out of Mavela, by Macaroni, her dam, Margaret of Anjou, by Touchstone, out of Margaret, by Margrave, her dam, sister to Memnon, by Whisker.

A CHESTNUT COLT, by King of the Forest, out of Duchess of St. Albans, by Prime Minister, her dam, Lady Grace, by St. Albans, grandam, Lurley, by Orlando.

A BLACK COLT, by Victorious, out of Bessie (dam of Caution), by Autocrat, her dam Dora, by Bessus, grandam, Dolarice (Speculum's dam), by Alarm or Orlando, out of Preserve, by Emilius.

A BLACK COLT, by Victorious, out of Peggy Dawdle, by Saunterer, her dam, Recluse (Bruce's dam), by Newcastle, out of Eliza, by Hermit.

A BAY COLT, by Victorious, out of Her Grace, by King Tom, her dam, Duchess, by Voltigeur, grandam, Bay Celia (dam of The Duke and The Earl), by Orlando.

A BAY FILLY, by Victorious, out of Modena, by Rataplan, her dam, Ferrara, by Orlando, grandam, Iodine, by Ion, her dam by Sir Hercules.

A BROWN FILLY, by Victorious, out of Kapunda, (dam of Lucerne), by Stockwell, her dam, Adelaide, by Melbourne.

A BAY FILLY (sister to Miss Ethel), by Victorious, out of Princess (dam of King Victor), by Promised Land, her dam, Vera, by Touchstone, out of Muscovite's dam, by Camel.

A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Victorious, out of Seclusion (dam of Hermit), by Tadmor, her dam, Miss Sellon, by Cow.

A BAY FILLY, by Victorious, out of Rinderpest (dam of Adina), by Alarm, her dam, Adine, by Slane, grandam by Glencoe, out of Alea, by Whalebone.

A BROWN COLT, by Vespasian, out of Entremet (dam of Scotch Cake, Miss Nefil, &c.), by Sweetmeat, her dam, Crystal, by Pantaloan, out of Katherine, by Camel.

A BROWN COLT, by Vespasian, out of Whinnie (dam of Whip), by Pelion, her dam, Tapioca, by Sweetmeat, grandam, Ellen Middle-on (Wild Dayrell's dam), by Bay Middleton.

A CHESTNUT COLT, by Vespasian, out of Waneton (dam of Post Horn, &c.), by Neville, her dam, Grater, by Pyrrhus the First, out of Nutmeg, by Nutwith.

A BROWN COLT, by Vespasian, out of Bonfire, Lord Berners, &c.), by Weatherbit, her dam, Sacrifice, by Voltaire, out of Virginia (dam of Virago).

A BAY FILLY, by Vespasian, out of Roma (dam of Agricola), by Lambton, her dam, Christabelle, by Fernhill, grandam, by Beiram, out of Addy, by Whalebone.

A BAY FILLY, by Vespasian, out of La Travista (dam of Violetta), by the Flying Dutchman, her dam, Boarding School Miss (dam of Typee, Omoo, &c.), by Ileniopotentiary.

A BAY COLT, by Saunterer, out of Ribbon, by Rataplan, her dam, Lady Alicia, by Melbourne, out of Testy, by Venison, her dam, Temper, by Defence.

A BAY COLT, by Saunterer, out of Mother Carey's Chicken (dam of Cock-a-Hoop, &c.), by De Clare, her dam, Eugenie, by Daniel O'Rourke, out of George's dam, by Sleight-of-Hand.

A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Saunterer out of Lemonade (dam of St. David, Father Matthew, &c.), by Lexington, her dam by Don John, out of Lollypop (Sweetmeat's dam).

A BAY FILLY, by Saunterer, out of Chilham (dam of Victoire), by Thunderbolt, her dam, Icicle, by Olston, grandam, Crystal, by Pantaloan, out of Katherine, by Camel.

A BLACK FILLY, by Saunterer, out of Excalibur, by Gladiateur, her dam, Bathilde, by Stockwell out of Babette, by Faugh-a-Ballagh.

A BROWN FILLY, by Saunterer, out of Stock dove, by Stockwell, her dam, Beatrice, by Voltigeur, grandam, Bribery (dam of St. Albans, Saverne, &c.), by The Libel.

A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Saunterer or Typhonius, out of Contract, by Cothorse, her dam, Kernel, by Nutwith, out of Greenmantle, by Sultan.

A BAY COLT, by Saunterer, out of Fleuriste, by West Australian, her dam, Aracie, by Lanercost, grandam, Maid of Fez, by Mulcy Molock.

A BAY FILLY, by Restitution, out of Little Coates, by Lambton, her dam, Ballinleck mare, out of Dart, by Langar or Jereed, her dam, Marcella, by Whisker.

A BAY COLT, by Brown Bread, out of West Kent, by North Lincoln, her dam, Emerald (grandam of Favonius), by Defence, out of Emiliana.

A BAY FILLY, by Brown Bread, out of Lady Sophia, by Stockwell, her dam, Frolic, by Touchstone, grandam by Saddler, out of Stays, by Whalbone.

A BAY FILLY, by Brown Bread, out of Rosalie, (dam of Eclair, Eclipse, &c.), by Wild Dayrell, her dam, Jewess, by Mundig, out of Everilda, by Y. Phantom.

BROWN FILLY, by Brown Bread, out of Miss Saurin, by Colsterdale, her dam, Lady Abbess, by Surplice, grandam, Lady Sarah, by Velocipede our of Lady Moore Carew (dam of Mendiante), Headman's dam, by Tramp.

A CHESTNUT COLT, by Toxophilite, out of Maypole, by Skirmisher, her dam, May Morning; by Chanticleer, grandam, Forget Me Not (Daniel o'Rourke's dam), by Hetman Platoff, out of Oblivion, by Jerry.

A BAY COLT, by Toxophilite, out of Aline, by Claret, her dam, Weather-side, by Weatherbit, grandam, Lady Alice, by Chanticleer, out of Agnes, by Clarion.

A BAY FILLY, by Toxophilite, out of Brown Sugar, by Brown Bread, her dam, Defamation (Saccharometer's dam), by Iago, out of Caricature, by Pantaloan.

A BROWN COLT, by D'Estournel, out of Creole (dam of Uncle Tom, Outpost, &c.), by Newminster, her dam, The Squaw, by Robert de Gorham, out of Mary, by Ellis.

A BROWN COLT, by D'Estournel, out of Consort (dam of Manifesto, &c.), by Lord of the Isles, her dam, Contract, by Cothorse.

A BROWN COLT, by D'Estournel, out of Delight (dam of Fairweather, &c.), by Birdcatcher, her dam, Ecstasy, by Touchstone, out of Miss Wildred, by Lottery.

A BLACK FILLY, by D'Estournel, out of Electra (dam of Actaea, Aboye, &c.), by Touchstone, her dam, Laura, by Lord Stafford, out of Birdlime, by Comus.

A CHESTNUT FILLY, by D'Estournel, out of Czarina, by King Tom, her dam, Mrs. Lincoln, by North Lincoln, grandam (King Alfred's dam), by Bay Middleton.

A BAY FILLY, by D'Estournel, out of Pitteri, by Prime Minister, her dam, Lurley, by Orlando.

A BROWN FILLY, by Vespasian or D'Estournel, out of Canzonette (dam of Tortoise), by Fazzetto, her dam, Calista, by Liverpool, grandam by Orville.

In the event of unfavourable weather on the day of the Sale, ample accommodation will be provided for shelter.

In consequence of Mr. GEE declining Breeding, the whole of

**T**H E D E W H U R S T S T U D of THOROUGH-BRED MARES, FOALS and STALLIONS, will be SOLD BY AUCTION by MESSRS. TATTERSALL at the STUD FARM, WADHURST, SUSSEX, on SATURDAY, the 9th JUNE, 1877.

N.B.—The Stud Farm is only a few moments' walk from the Wadhurst Station.

#### BRLOOD MARES.

ACTRESS, by Stockwell, dam Himalaya, Imaus's dam, by Bay Middleton.

AFFINITY, by Young Melbourne, dam Potash, by Voltigeur; dam Alkali, by Slane; dam Sea-Kale, by Camel.

AMMUNITION (dam of Forest Queen and Full Charge), by Vedette, dam Carbine, by Rifleman; dam Troica, by Lanercost; dam Siberia, by Brutandor.

AMOROUS (dam of Amity, Sir Hugo, Warren Point and Lady Honey), by Ambrose, out of Tisiphone, by Gladiator, her dam Togar, by Sultan.

\*AGILITY, by Adventurer, out of Mandragora; won many long distance races; beat Rosicrucian in the York Cup as a three-yr-old, and Albert Victor as a four-yr-old in the same race, weight-for-age.

ACACIA, by Lord Clifden, out of Bel-Esperanza, by Van Galen, dam Beillardrum, by Chanticleer; dam Plausible, by Springy Jack; dam Pasquinal, by Camel.

BARONESS (dam of Miss Toto, Madam Toto and Baronet), by Stockwell, dam Escalade, by Touchstone; dam Ghuznee, by Pantaloan.

BARONESS CLIFDEN, by Lord Clifden, out of the Baroness, by Stockwell; her dam Escalade, by Touchstone; dam Ghuznee, by Pantaloan.

BOHEMIA (dam of Lady Alcass, Raby Castle and Balfie), by Weatherbit, dam Cossack Maid, by Hetman Platoff; dam Sister to Fox, by Whisker.

CASSIDIA (dam of Charnwood and Bradgate), by Orlando, out of Himalaya, by Bay Middleton; her dam Moodkee, by Venison, out of Defiance, by Rubens.

CASSIOPE, by Voltigeur, out of Vanity, winner of the Chester Cup, &c., by Touchstone; her dam Garland, by Lancer.

CAVRIANA (the dam Van Amburgh and Cecrops), by Longbow or Mountain Deer; her dam Calcavella, by Birdcatcher, out of Caroline by Drone.

CELLINA, winner of many races (and dam of Acropolis), by Newminster, out of Queen Bee, by Amorena, her dam May Fly by Emilius.

CERINTHA, winner of the Althrop Park Stakes and other races (dam of Achiever, Lady Rawcliffe and Hadrian), by Newminster, out of Queen Bee, by Amorina; her dam May Fly, by Emilius.

COLUMBINE (dam of Viscount), by the Flying Dutchman; dam Clarissa, by Pantaloan, Glencoe, Frolicsome, by Frolic.

CRACOVIENNE, by Trumpeter, out of Cachua, by Voltigeur; her dam Ayacanora, by Birdcatcher, out of Pocahontas.

CROSSFIRE, by Vedette, out of Crosslanes, by Slane, out of Diversion, by Defence, out of Folly, by Middleton.

CHATELAINE, by Cambuscan, out of Fal-lal, by Fazzeletto, out of Farina, by Venison.

CHILD OF THE MIST, by Lord Clifden, out of Maid of the Mist, by the Flying Dutchman; dam Cossack Maid, by Hetman Platoff; dam Sister to Fox, by Whisker.

CATILINA, by Macaroni, out of Margaret of Anjou, by Touchstone; her dam Margaret, by Margrave, out of Sister to Memnon, by Whisker.

DONNA DEL'AGO, winner of many races (and dam of Helvellyn, Ladoga, Khoderic Ibu, &c.), by Lord of the Isles, out of Shot, Marksman's dam, by Birdcatcher.

DEVOTION, by Vedette: dam Priestess, by the Doctor.

EDITH (dam of Lord Ronald, Scottish Queen, Mac Alpine and Lady Ronald), by Newminster; dam Deidamia, by Pyrrhus the First; dam Wisma, by Hetman Platoff; dam Mickleton Maid, by Velocipede.

EMILY, winner of many races (and dam of Valeria, Ainsley, Normanby, &c.), by Stockwell, out of Meance, by Touchstone.

ESS BOUQUET (the dam of Chypre), Sister to Flower Girl, by Orlando, out of Bouquet, by Bay Middleton, Violet, by Melbourne, Snowdrop by Dr. Syntax.

\*FORMOSA (winner of the 1000 guineas and dead heat for the 2000, and won the Upsilon Oaks and Doncaster St. Leger), by Buccaneer, out of Eller, by Chanticleer; her dam by Tomboy, out of Tesane, by Whisker.

THE GEM (dam of Turquoise), by King of Trumps; dam Amythist, by Touchstone; dam Camphine, by the Provost; dam Gadfly, by Mayfly.

GEMMA, winner of many races, by Womersley, out of Garenne, by Gladiator, Elthiron, or Freystrop, out of Jessie, by Emancipation.

GARGONGOLA, by Parmesan, dam by West Australian; her dam Clarissa, by Pantaloan; dam by Glencoe, out of Frolicsome.

IDALIA, winner of the Ham Stakes at Goodwood, &c., by Thunderbolt, out of Dulcibella; her dam Priestess, by the Doctor.

LADY AUGUSTA, winner of the 1,000 guineas and other races (dam of Constance, Restrevor, and Whithaven), by Stockwell, out of Meance, by Touchstone; her dam Ghuznee, by Pantaloan.

LADY DEW HURST (the dam of Moatlands and Daisy), by Newminster, dam the Dutchness's Daughter, by the Flying Dutchman; dam Emute, by Lanercost; dam Bellona, by Peagle.

IRISH BELLE (dam of Oxford Mixture, Clavileno, &c.), by Kingston, Colleen Dhas by Rust.

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LITTLE LADY, winner of many races (dam of My Lady and Camballo), by Orlando, out of Volley, by Whisker.

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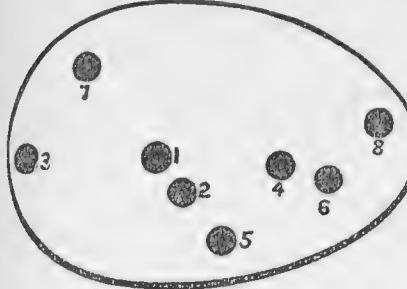
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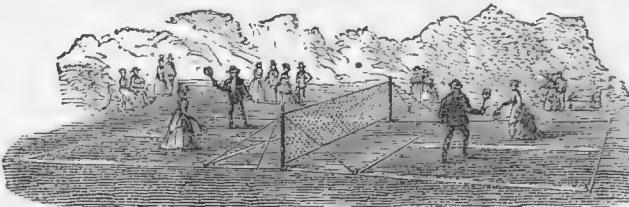
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Owing to pressure upon our space we are compelled to hold over our "Answers to Correspondents."

THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1877.

THE season of yearling sales will be upon us in a few short weeks, Mr. Blenkinson breaking the ice on the Derby week Saturday, Her Majesty's and the Cobham afternoon receptions following closely upon the Middle Park fixtures and the series being continued without interruption until the return of Goodwood sends society forth rejoicing in its summer holiday, and the racing clans are scattered abroad, to meet again after the recess round the Doncaster sale ring. To those interested in breeding, considered apart from its relation to the sport to which it ministers, nothing can be more pleasant than the annual red letter days, which succeed each other so rapidly, passed beneath the Middle Park elms, in the decorous seclusion of the Royal Paddocks, at the Stud Company's haras, or among the various strings which muster at Newmarket, when the metropolis of the Turf holds high festival in July. Everything wears such a rosy aspect, is surrounded by such hopeful associations, and points to such happy results; and we willingly resign ourselves to the belief that the cheer which greets the fall of the hammer when some crack yearling comes forth to meet his fate, is but a prelude to that redoubled burst of enthusiasm which swells up from the crowd as some great winner is led back to scale. The meeting with friends interested in similar pursuits, the pleasing half hour devoted to the worship of the genius of hospitality, the gathering of the clans round the magic circle, all these are features too well known to need comment or description; and it is generally felt and acknowledged that, when everything is made so agreeable, it would be downright churlishness to criticise too closely any shortcomings on the part of hosts and providers; or to look too closely for the "little rifts within the lute" inevitably incident to all schemes of mortals. We have had the most hospitable of receptions, we have eaten and drunk our fill; we have cheered a well-contested round of spirited biddings to the echo; and feel on good terms with our entertainer, ourselves, and generally with all creation.

Still there is the inevitable skeleton at the feast; though the mummy carried round among assembled guests is not of that uncompromising nature which was wont to stay for a moment the revelry of Egyptian banquets. The tour of the boxes before luncheon, which the knowing and the ignorant alike deem it *de rigueur* to make, must raise certain doubts and difficulties in the minds of those who are content to look beyond the present state of their occupants, and to speculate upon how far their condition of body is favourable to future excellence in the sphere they were bred to fill. Very taking to the eye is the sleek and shining youngster, standing to receive strangers in his roomy, well-littered box, with the stud groom at his head, and an admiring crowd blocking up the doorway in their desire to behold and to worship. A month ago we saw this young hopeful in a state of nature in the paddock, with the remains of his winter coat still hanging in patches about him, with tangled mane and tail, and evidences of good hard healthy condition, induced by an abundance of wholesome food and the indispensable accompaniments of air and exercise. Now all this is changed, and the hand is passed over a sleek, flabby, sleepy-looking animal, with a gloss and polish the result of oil-cake and other abominations within, and prolonged applications of dandy brush and rubber without, with evidences of water-brush and comb in flat-lying mane, and "beautiful for ever" tail, and as the admiring cockney exclaims, a "perfect picture," worthy of the cunning hand of a Rachael, and a capital subject for illustrating the renowned properties of "Thorley's Food for Cattle." The abundant litter judiciously conceals any slight imperfection below the knees and hocks, and the enchanted visitor retires from interviewing the young hopeful with very exalted ideas of its promise, in no small degree enhanced by a pedigree of acknowledged fashion and excellence. Strangely enough, the scene appears to be in no way suggestive of the Agricultural Hall on a foggy December afternoon, when stout, greasy-haired men are busy poking and pinching the blazed-faced Hereford, well-turned short horn, or prime red Devon, in layer and stall. And yet to the mere casual purchaser of horses from droves or in fairs, the question might very well suggest itself, of how far all this stuffing is necessary or advantageous to an animal destined for activity of the training gallops instead of the grim carcase repose of the Metropolitan Meat Market. What useful end is served by this laying on of fat, which may be regarded as matter out of place in bodies not intended for food, until the merciful hand of Jack Atcheler places them out of their misery for ever, and their remains are hawked about by the cats' meat man? Verily this is a question not easy to be answered, and one which will be waived and fenced in the politest and blandest manner possible by breeders for sale of yearlings, who will retort that it is impossible to send their charges to the hammer in the rough, and that purchasers will not look at them unless they are in some degree made up for sale. We have no reason to doubt this statement, confirmed over and over again by personal observation, and therefore breeders do but bow to the exigencies of a barbarous custom and most pernicious fashion, which demands that yearlings, the primary mission in life of which is high condition and strong exercise, should come into the hands of persons appointed to bring them to this state in the guise of fatlings fit only for the butcher's knife. As long as this unnatural demand continues, controllers of the supply cannot be blamed for consulting the tastes of their customers, but we feel certain that it lies with the breeders of blood stock to discard this monstrous anomaly, the requirements of a childish fashion; and he among them who will boldly lead the way, and rest contented with natural instead of artificial condition, will deserve well of the racing community. The arguments in favour of fat we have never been able to discover, at least from the

trainer's point of view, though on the breeder's part it may be alleged that a multitude of imperfections is covered thereby, not a very high compliment to the men of admitted good judgment, who are presumably endeavouring to do their best by employers in selecting candidates for future Turf honours.

Any one who will take the trouble to wade through even the shallows of racing statistics, without venturing into their depths, can readily ascertain for himself the relative successes of youngsters which are home-bred, and those which have passed through the ordeal of a preparation for the sale ring. Nothing can stand out more clearly than the fact that home produce is infinitely more successful than the results of purchases effected with the highest judgment and the most liberal disregard of expenditure. We must not be supposed to be advocating the adoption of the former plan by owners of racehorses, which would be a chimerical notion indeed; nor have we any desire to witness a diminution in the ranks of breeders for public sale; but reason most clearly points to the assimilation of practice on the part of the latter to that of private breeders, instances of whose splendid successes we need not multiply, so readily will their claims be perceived and admitted. And except in the case of the fattening process preparatory to the day of sale, we can, for the life of us, perceive no marked difference in the principle or practice of the stud farm; therefore, we are entitled to place our finger upon this blot, and to argue therefrom that happier results might be expected to ensue from the natural and rational method of treatment, as opposed to the absurd system at present in vogue. We can fully appreciate the difficulties attendant on the process of breaking the ice, for pecuniary losses might be expected at first; but we are fully satisfied that it would very shortly be discovered which was the right course, and that an entire change of opinion would thereupon ensue. Let breeders "take up" their yearlings, and make them handy and docile before sending them into the Ring, but let them avoid the indiscriminate use of condiments, oil-cake, and other abominations, which must have a tendency to upset digestion and to promote disease, however much they may succeed in causing their consumers to "charm the eyes" before "grieving the hearts" of deluded pur-chasers.

## HEATHERTHORP.

## A SPORTING STORY.

By BYRON WEBBER.

## CHAPTER XIV.—(Concluded.)

SYLVIA was now full in the path of Burroughs and Elizabeth. They saw her, and, clinging closely to each other, came to a full stop. In awfully cavernous tones Sylvia declaimed what seemed to Kate's English ear two lines of a German folk-song she had once heard her friend sing. Then, the while moving in the most extraordinary fashion, Miss Vandervelde poured forth a torrent of Teutonic gutturals, and finally exclaimed, after the traditional manner of provincial Lady Macbeths in the sleep-walking scene—

"Begone! Look not behind ye! o-r-r—beware my vengeance!"

There was no need for the ghost of the minute to utter a syllable more. Burroughs and Elizabeth, the latter indulging in a scream that would have done honour to the most powerful female lungs of modern melodrama, turned and fled, pausing not for breath until they reached the hall, at a door of which, utterly exhausted by their terrific effort they floundered.

"Oh, Miss Burroughs!"

"Oh, 'Lizabeth!"

"Open the door, Miss Burroughs—do."

"Not for the world. You must, Elizabeth. It's your duty. That dreadful, dreadful spectre!"

"Hush!—listen! There's footsteps."

"I know I shall faint. Hark!"

"Who's there?" said an elderly female voice at the other side of the door. The maidens huddled themselves into smaller compass, but did not deign to reply. Indeed they could not have replied if they had made the attempt. "Who's there, I say? If you don't speak it will be worse for you."

"It's me, Mrs. Kaye," at length feebly articulated the exhausted still-room maid.

"Who's me?—Elizabeth?"

"Yes, 'm."

A bolt was withdrawn, and Mrs. Kaye opened the door. Her slumbers had been rudely disturbed, and she was wroth.

"What is the meaning of all this rubbish? Miss Burroughs, I am surprised at you, and, come what may, Miss Wilson shall know my sentiments. Elizabeth, go to bed; and if you don't tread your shoes very level, miss, you shall go altogether; mind you that! This comes of gallivantin' with men."

Burroughs was dumb. She stared at the housekeeper in haggard response to that estimable lady's stern rebuke, groaned, and rushing into the apartment Mrs. Kaye called her own, sank into a chair, and fainted away in right down earnest.

"Well, here's a pretty to-do. Elizabeth! Elizabeth, I say. She is in the sulks, I suppose. ELIZABETH!" Her vehement summons was unheeded, and Mrs. Kaye, by this time enraged beyond endurance, tugged vigorously at the first bell which came to hand, and the loud clang penetrated into the utmost recesses of the sleeping mansion. It produced an effect, too, which the ruffled housekeeper had not bargained for. "Oh! what shall I do? There's master's bell. I've woke him; he will never forgive me.—Elizabeth, you disobedient girl, run up-stairs and see what your master wants, while I look to this idiot here."

That idiot there, otherwise Martha Burroughs, required seeing to. It was a case that admitted of no nonsense, so Mrs. Kaye, eschewing the mild and correct remedies for feminine fainting that are affected in society, treated Miss Wilson's own maid to a copious *douche*, which brought about an instantaneous cure. The patient unclosed her eyes, and stared wildly around her. At that moment erring Elizabeth, looking as wild as her quondam companion, rushed into the apartment.

"Well?" sharply interrogated her superior.

"Was there ever such a night as this, 'm? Master is nearly mad. When I tried to tell him about the mistake you had made with the bell, 'm, he said, 'Tell Miss Wilson I want her, if she has not retired to rest.' I knocked at Miss Wilson's door, and as there was no answer, I opened it. Oh! Mrs. Kaye, Miss Katherine is gone!"

"Gone!!"

"Gone!!" repeated Burroughs, starting to her feet; "and where's Miss Vandervelde?"

"She's gone too! Both the young ladies' rooms are empty."

"Ah! I see it all now! the ghost—the ghost!"

"What does she mean? Ridiculous creature that she is!" Before Mrs. Kaye could repeat the question she had put with such an air of desperate bewilderment, Burroughs had rushed from the room, and, oblivious of the proprieties, invaded Mr. Wilson's. In agitated tones she told the Squire of the figure she had seen in the grounds, which figure she took for a ghost; further, she made him acquainted with Miss Wilson's and Miss Vandervelde's supremely earnest desire for her—Martha Burroughs's—early retirement to rest. Mr. Wilson might depend upon it that the ghost was flesh and blood—one of Miss Vandervelde's outlandish tricks to terrify her and Elizabeth and throw them off the scent. It was not for her to say a word against Miss Wilson, but since Doctor Sutton—

"Well, what of him!" shouted Mr. Wilson.

"Oh! nothing, sir: only he was the first gentleman to leave the party; and Jobson, who assisted him to mount, said he would not have rode at that pace in the dark for fifty pounds."

"Jobson must be roused at once. I'll baffle that young scoundrel yet. And as for Kate—What are you staring at? Oh! Jobson: Mrs. Kaye must have him awake; and M'Callum too. Jones is gone, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied Burroughs, with a blush.

"Not a minute must be lost in getting the carriage ready. This frightful gout; And when you have given those orders fetch me the local railway guide. Quick!"

Regarded in the light of a handicap, notwithstanding the crushing weight the squire had to carry, it was only about six to four on the fugitives. Old Wilson was a man of energy, and just now his blood was up. Now one of the prejudices of his striving days clung to him yet: he despised valets. Heroic were his present endeavours, unaided as they were, to equip him for the pursuit: heroic, if clumsy. His afflicted member sharply announced itself; in fact, the aristocratic twinges could not have said more if Doctor Sutton, of malice prepense, had retained them on his side. Nevertheless, harassed though he was, the Squire managed by painful stages to get ready for the disagreeable journey.

Jobson and the gardener were by no means prompt in their movements. Each had indulged copiously in the conviviality of the servants' hall, before retiring to rest; both were plunged far into their first dense sleep when Mrs. Kaye sounded the alarm. However, when the drowsy servitors were informed of the nature of the nocturnal expedition, and the state of Mr. Wilson's temper, they bestirred themselves, and by the time the Squire rang his bell the carriage was ready. He had given ten minutes' attention to the local railway guide and arranged the route.

"Heatherthorp Station, Jobson, as quick as you can, to catch the through train. And keep a sharp look-out on the road."

"Very good, sir," said Jobson, who thereupon gave his spanking pair an encouraging "tch-tch!" and the carriage wheels crunched along the gravel road in the direction of the turnpike that stretches from Heatherthorp to the railway station of that name.

We must now rejoin the fugitives.

"Whatever was it you said to that silly Burroughs, Syl?" inquired Kate of her friend as they sped through the shadows, their talk rippling with subdued laughter.

"Said? The song you know. It may be freely translated into your own couplet, Early to bed and early to rise. I could not resist the temptation of saying something ridiculously à propos, although it was in a language Burroughs comprehends not."

"But the other words?"

"Naughty, every one of them. German expletives, my dear, But don't be distressed. They were as incoherent as a speech at a wedding-breakfast. Talking of wedding-breakfasts, I wonder where yours will be, Katey. Here's the gate, and, and let me see, here's the key."

"Sylvia, did you even think of that?"

"Even so. Now we are released from captivity suppose we throw one little obstacle in the path of our pursuers? There, Mr. Wilson, should you follow us hither you will either have to return, or break the lock, or get out of your carriage and walk; an exercise, by-the-way, you are not likely to indulge in."

"He can drive round by Jones's lodge, Syl."

"Let him, my dear; it will save time—for us. But here is our chariot, and—your Arthur."

It was the brougham from the Sursingle. In another minute the Doctor had leapt out and folded Kate in his arms, Crisp the while pretending to be deeply engaged in investigating the complications of a cheek-strap, and Miss Vandervelde discreetly looking another way.

"My darling Kate," whispered the Doctor, "let the future prove how I love the girl whose devotion has brought her here to-night."

"Dear Arthur!" said our darling whisperingly. "Dear, dear Arthur!" She could get no farther.

"Come, you children!" interposed Sylvia, with an air that would have besmeared a matron of fifty; "there is no time to be wasted if that train is to be caught."

"True, you jolly old schemer!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Old! Mr. Sutton," observed Sylvia, with dignity. "I do not understand you."

"Never mind, Syl, whether you do not. In truth I hardly understand myself, I feel so happy. You have heaps of time for the train. Mat will drive you to the station—that is, not quite to the station, and, leaving you in the carriage, procure second-class tickets for Crukenden."

"Crukenden!" exclaimed the girls, in a breath.

"Yes, Crukenden; only have patience. Tickets for Crukenden, but you get out at Stokesbro', darling. Sylvia must take care of you until we meet at old Wyke's."

"And you, Arthur?" asked Kate, anxiously.

"I? As soon as I leave you, which will be immediately, I shall walk across the fields to Billingham Gimlet, and there await a train for Shipley. Thence I will return to Stokesbro'."

"For a young gentleman in your agitated state of mind, the arrangement is exceedingly sagacious."

"I don't mind what you say, Sylvia—not I. Adieu, my darling—but not for long!" The Doctor once more exacted his lover's tribute, imprinted a hearty kiss upon the cheek of Miss Vandervelde, exchanged a few words with Crisp, and then set off at a rapid pace in search of the short cut across the fields to Billingham Gimlet.

The young ladies' part in the railway journey was accomplished with brilliant success. The clerk who booked for the up-train in the absence of the station-master was not of an inquiring turn of mind, and the fugitives took their seats unobserved. Crisp, who now guessed what was in the wind, could not forbear giving Kate a little bit of his mind, as he handed her the tickets.

"There, miss, and if one o' them tickets doesn't tak ye tee happiness, I'm sadly mistune. Mr. Arthur's yan o' best maisters that evet leuk'd through a bridle—noa, I doant mean that; but he is a good 'un, miss, and he se mak' ye a rare good husband. He's forgettin' tee ask me, miss; but I mun be there! Where is it—Stokesbro'? Verra good. God bless you, miss, and fare-well!"

Hot and strong were the words which blurted from the Squire's lips when he reached the main road and found that somebody had been there before him and locked the gate.

"This is that Sylvia's doings, confounded young hussey! It's

not a bit of use trying to lift the gate off the hinges, Jobson; drive round by the lodge. Ugh! It was cleverly managed, Miss Vandervelde, to prevent my saving the train, but if I don't spoil your little plan before noon, I'll see."

When Jobson pulled up at the Heatherthorp station it was too late. A porter who was sweeping the platform could give the Squire no information. A clerk who lodged a couple of miles off booked for that train, and he (the porter) had come on when the clerk went off. "Happen the folks he wanted had gone fræ Billingham Gimlet." Whether or not, the Squire decided to drive thither, since he would be as near Shipley, his immediate destination, as at Heatherthorp. News! The station-master at "the Gimlick" had not seen any young ladies, and he could assure Mr. Wilson no young ladies would be able to leave by any of the trains without him seeing them; no, sir; in fact, the only gentleman he had booked that night was Doctor Sutton, of course Mr. Wilson knew him, who looked as though he had been walking fast, and said he must reach Shipley soon, as he had been called to an urgent case there.

"I'll urgent case him, d—d young scoundrel!" muttered Mr. Wilson between his teeth.

"Did you speak, sir? The next train to Shipley, sir? Why there's nothing till the five o'clock slow. There's a good fire in the waiting-room, and if you want a snooze, I'll undertake to call you in time.

"Very well, be it so. And get me a ticket."

"I will, sir."

It seemed all two to one on the pursued now; yet it was really not these odds. So long as Squire Wilson nursed his wrath before the waiting-room fire, his daughter was safe; but the slow train would arrive (slow trains occasionally do), and it was in the realm of possibility he would reach Shipley in time to defeat the machinations of the Doctor and his clever friend Sylvia.

Sutton got out at Shipley. Woodridge was awaiting him.

"This is awfully kind of you, old fellow—Miss Vandervelde prepared me for it—and I shall never be able to thank you sufficiently, I am sure."

"Oh! never mind thanks, Sutton. We'll talk about all that sort of thing when you are turned off. There are no end of things to do this morning."

"You are right; but now I am here I confess I am rather at a loss—"

"Pardon the interruption: let me first tell you what I have done. I met the girls at Stokesbro', and delivered them up to the wife of one of our partners, a jolly sensible woman—one of the people called quakers. She thinks, thou knows, if Timothy Wilson will not listen to reason about his daughter Katherine, well then his daughter Katherine, thou knows, having arrived at years of discretion, doesn't thou see, has a right to please herself."

"Capital!"

"There they remain until eleven o'clock, when your chum Wyke will be ready to tie the knot. Meanwhile we'll have a mouthful of breakfast, and I will remain here to throw dust into the eyes of the old gentleman. Should he come, I'll keep him here as long as I can, and then bring him to Stokesbro'—"

"Yes!"

"In time to be too late. Come on. When you leave me, it will be time to look up Wyke."

Squire Wilson arrived by the next train—he had broken his journey in the previous one to make inquiries—and, as Woodridge had anticipated, hailed with exultation the prospect of his unexpected help. There was no trace of the missing ones in Shipley; although the Doctor had been heard of. Meanwhile the latter had made his way to Stokesbro', and learnt to his horror that the Rev. Mr. Wyke was not at home. The Squire is to be backed against the field now! What was to be done? He found the sexton—who was sexton and pew-opener, and regarded himself as a sort of part proprietor of Holy Trinity—and by dint of astute cross-questioning, ascertained, or divined, that his friend was out that morning with the Stokesbro' Harriers.

"A wedding! There'll be nae weddin' this morning, I can promise you!" grunted forth, in acridated tones, the wrinkled old humbug. "Aw knaw nowt aboot it: and he wad ha'e been sure to tell me. He couldn't *but* tell me." "He" was our old friend's coadjutor, the parson. "Time enough yet? No; there isn't time enough yet. There nivir was a weddin' i' this church after twelve o'clock at neun, an' what's mair, there nivir will be! So there's for you."

The Doctor dared not inform Kate of the misadventure, so, without knowing why, he, after bestowing a hearty malison on the sexton—who, amongst other infirmities, was happily afflicted with deafness!—set off to the railway station. On the road he met Crisp.

"Aw couldn't keep away, Mr. Arthur; so ye mun forgive me. "I didn't think ye'd ha' fand me oot, though."

"Oh! all right, Matthew. Now, look here. You can make yourself useful. The sexton of Holy Trinity seems determined there shall not be a wedding after noon. Well, thereshan't; but should the parson be late—I may tell you he has not come yet—you understand *late*—the Trinity clock must be late likewise! You know what I mean? Get the old ruffian to show you the church; liquor him well; and, if necessary—PUT BACK THE CLOCK!"

Sutton felt somewhat easier in his mind when he saw Crisp depart on his uncanonical mission, and once again summoned the housemaid at Wyke's. There was a telegram waiting him from her master:

"My dear Sutton, sorry I went after currant jelly. Your letter just reached me. If train runs true will be there in time."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed the Doctor, throwing his hat up in triumph. "Mary, come here. Your name must be Mary, you are so pretty. Were you ever married?"

"No, sir," said she, looking down, "but I hope to be."

"And so you shall. There's five shillings for you."

"What a strange gentleman," said Mary to herself, as she smoothed her hair; "but very good looking."

Crisp succeeded gloriously. The sexton did the honours of the clock works, and Matthew lost no time in mystifying the citizens of Stokesbro'. That day the Holy Trinity clock lost half an hour! Thanks to Mat's manipulation, it wanted five minutes of the stroke of noon when the Rev. Mr. Wyke commenced the solemn ceremony. Kate, in her quiet grey travelling costume, and bonnet which Sylvia had that morning trimmed with orange-blossoms, looked her prettiest. Poor darling! she had scarcely fortitude to sustain her through the ordeal. That waiting in the church had been so *very* trying. However, there, with her one bridesmaid, Sylvia, whose brother was Arthur's best man—and worst, for there was none other—Kate Wilson and Arthur Basinghall Sutton were made Man and Wife.

Knock away, Mr. Wilson, you are too late.

(To be continued.)

## CHESS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S. WILLS (Brixton).—The problem appears to be a good one. You shall have a report in our next issue. The German "Handbuch" can be obtained through any bookseller.

W. R. (Southampton).—As we anticipated last week, your problem is too elementary for our readers.

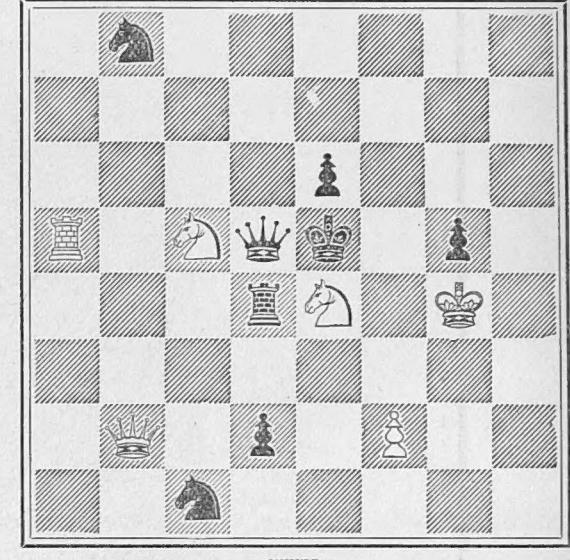
S. K. (Peckham).—The game is very well played, but we require the names of the players.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 144 received, from J. T., Oxoniensis, H. N. S., W. S. J., S. Senior, J. Wontone, Derby, Queen of Connaught, Paul and Virginia, W. Lee, and W. Richards.

### PROBLEM NO. 145.

By A. E. STUDD.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in two moves.

### CHESS IN LONDON.

An instructive game played lately at Simpson's Divan.

[Petroff Defence.]

| WHITE.<br>(Mr. Jansens.) | BLACK.<br>(Mr. H.) | WHITE.<br>(Mr. Jansens.) | BLACK.<br>(Mr. H.) |
|--------------------------|--------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. P to K 4.             | P to K 4.          | 23. Q takes B            | P to Kt 3          |
| 2. Kt to K B 3           | Kt to K B 3        | 24. B to Q Kt 5          | R to K 5           |
| 3. Kt takes P            | P to Q 3           | 25. B to H 4 (ch)        | K to Kt 2          |
| 4. Kt to K B 3           | Kt takes P         | 26. B to Q 5 (ch)        | Kt takes P         |
| 5. P to Q 4              | P to Q 4           | 27. P takes Kt           | R takes P          |
| 6. B to Q 3              | B to K 2 (a)       | 28. R to Q sq            | P to B 3 (g)       |
| 7. Castles               | Castles            | 29. B to Kt 3            | P to QR 4          |
| 8. P to Q B 4            | B to K 3           | 30. R takes R            | Q takes R          |
| 9. Q to Q B 2            | P to K B 4         | 31. Q to Q sq            | Q takes Q          |
| 10. Q to Kt 3 (b)        | Kt to Q B 3        | 32. B takes Q            | P to Q Kt 4 (h)    |
| 11. P takes P            | Q takes P          | 33. B to B 3             | P to B 4           |
| 12. Q to Q sq (c)        | Q R to Q sq        | 34. B to B 6             | P to Kt 5          |
| 13. Kt to Q B 3          | Kt takes Kt        | 35. B to Kt 5            | K to B 3           |
| 14. P takes Kt           | Q to Q 2 (d)       | 36. P to B 4             | P to Kt 4          |
| 15. B to Q Kt 5          | B to K B 3         | 37. P to Kt 3 (i)        | P takes P          |
| 16. B to K Kt 5          | Q to Q 3           | 38. P takes P            | K to Kt 3          |
| 17. R to K sq            | B to Q 4           | 39. K to B 2             | K to R 3           |
| 18. B takes B            | Q takes B          | 40. B to R 4             | P to B 5           |
| 19. B to Q 3             | K R to K sq        | 41. B to B 2             | K to Kt 3          |
| 20. R to Kt sq           | P to Q Kt 3        | 42. B to Q sq            | K to B 3           |
| 21. R to K 2             | B takes Kt (e)     | 43. K to K 3             | P to K R 3         |
| 22. R takes R (ch)       | K takes R          | 44. K to Q 4 and wins.   |                    |

(a) The best square for the Bishop, but at the present juncture the Q Kt ought to be played to the B 3.

(b) The tardy movements of the Queen betoken a cautious spirit, and do not affect Black's position otherwise than beneficially.

(c) The peregrinations of the Queen have been futile.

(d) P to B 5 followed by a movement of the Q to the King's side of the board would have been better.

(e) Q to Kt 3 is a much better move.

(f) The manœuvres of this Bishop are very cleverly managed.

(g) Neat but unavailing.

(h) The King should have been marched into the thick of the fight instead of pushing the pawns to certain destruction.

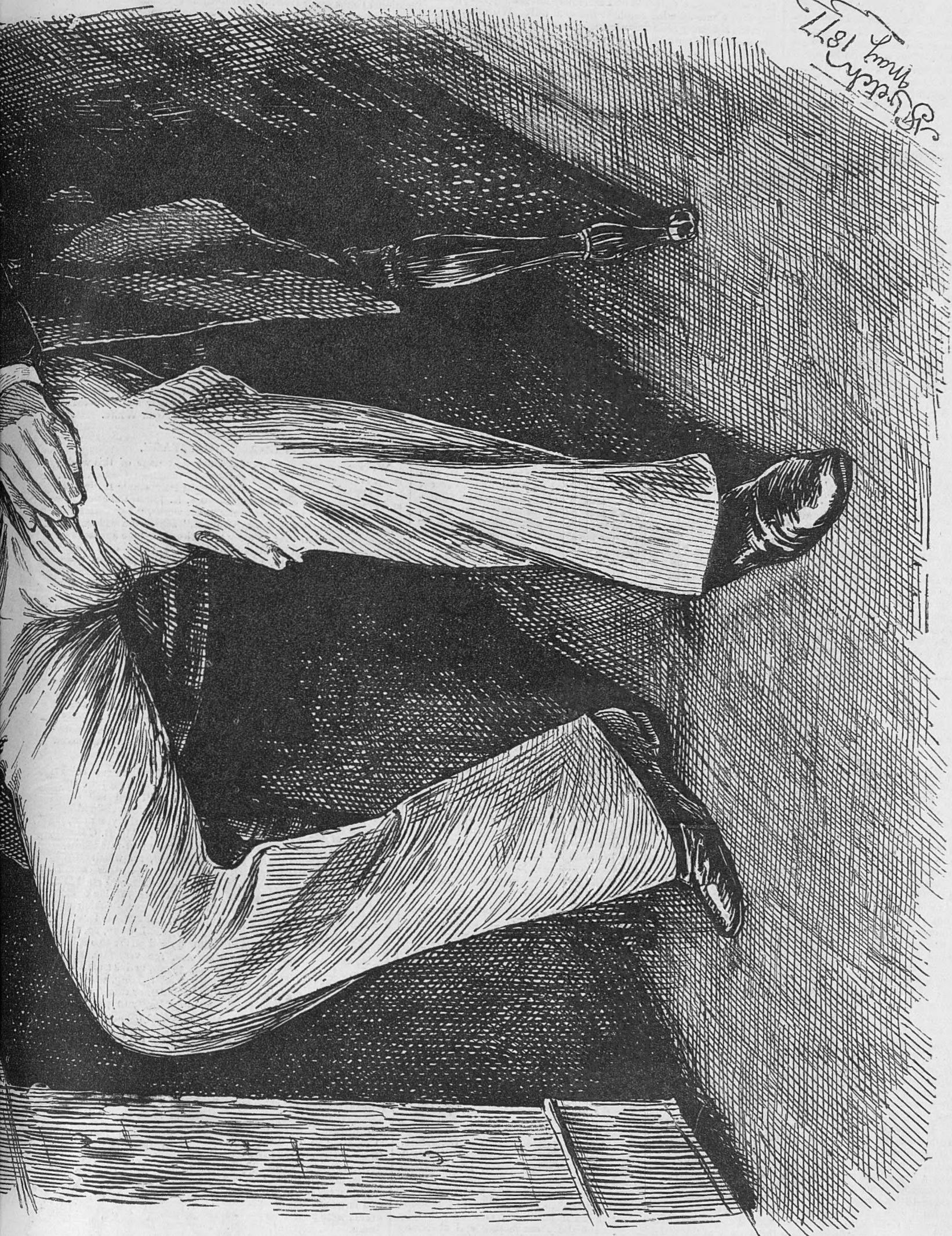
(i) White plays this part of the game with his usual care and accuracy.

### CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

A MATCH in which eighteen players took part was played a few evenings ago at the rooms of the Shaftesbury Chess Club, between that Association and the Bermondsey Chess Club. The contest was a very close one, resulting, however, in a victory for Bermondsey by a majority of one game. The following table shows the names of the players and their respective scores—

| BERMONDSEY. | Won. | Drawn.</ |
| --- | --- | --- |





MR. W. H. VERNON AS SIR GEOFFREY HERIOTT IN "MAMMON."

## REVIEWS.

*A Palace of Crystal, an Idyllic Story*, by ELLIS J. DAVIS, is an Easter Annual, issued from the office of the *St. James's Magazine*. The lesson of the story is wholesome, and being conveyed in pleasant allegorical form, and interwoven with a prettily told love story, it is calculated to produce a permanent impression on the reader's mind. There is not a little of the spirit which occasionally animates the pages of Dickens present in "A Palace of Crystal." The annual is illustrated with some excellent drawings that have been admirably engraved, but are, we regret to have to say, most indifferently printed.

*A Trip to Cashmere and Ladak*, By COWLEY LAMBERT, F.R.G.S. London: Henry S. King & Co.—This is a very useful, interesting, and well written little volume devoted to countries which are every year advancing stronger claims upon the favourable notice of sportsmen and travellers. The author in his opening chapter divides sportsmen into two classes, those to whom sport is "a business" and those who merely regard it as recreation, meaning by the former sportsmen who have neither domestic, nor business ties to interfere with pursuits to which they devote their whole time and energies; and by the latter, those who take a holiday of a few months' duration in the intervals of business only, and have social and domestic responsibilities which forbid them to risk their lives needlessly in the pleasurable excitement of dangerous sport. The latter are restrained by thoughts of the broken hearts there would be at home if they came back no more. The sportsman who means "business" has no such restraining idea in his mind, and "perhaps sinks on the far prairie, overcome by cold and fatigue—perhaps lies under a tropical sun, struck down by African fever, or, maybe, falls a victim to an accident in the chase"—when he disappears, his face is scarcely missed, for he had no ties at home. It is the sportsman of holiday proclivities for whom the book before us is intended, and to such its author commends the plan of shooting in the jungles of Central India, or, that of going right away over the hills to the more unknown, and far more healthy, countries of Cashmere and Ladak. The author started on his voyage for India—which he describes as "a very pleasant trip"—in March, 1874, but he says: "If I go to Cashmere again, I shall certainly start earlier, as to get the best shooting in the valley (of Cashmere) one ought to be there by the first week in March." The road from India to Cashmere is divided into easy stages, averaging about fourteen miles. The first stage of the author's march was from Bhimber to Saidabad, about 15 miles. Five days very pleasant marching through the most delightful and varied scenery took him and his party to Thanna Mandi. They camped before the worst heat of the day came on. After toilsome march through snow and over steep, rugged paths to Ooree, they proceeded on their march from that village—with its mud fort "which, like most others in Cashmere, is apparently built of brown paper"—to Baramula. This was the longest march of the journey, but the road was a good one and the scenery very pretty. At length from the top of the Baramula Pass they gazed down into the "Happy Valley," with its vast display of wild fruit trees and vines, its lakes, streams and rivers, its fields of rice, wheat, barley, millet, rye and Indian corn, its strikingly English looking woodland features, and, alas! its filthy, ignorant, lying population. The travellers made their way across the Woolar lake to the town of Baramula under a range of hills and from thence, in the cool of the evening, started in long, flat-bottomed boats and were towed up a broad, smooth river surrounded by glorious prospects, to the town of Sopoor, where they stopped for the night, and listened to some marvellous stories traditional in that locality. A second day on the water took them to "the City of the Sun," Srinagar, where they went ashore. Resuming the journey they floated comfortably down the Apple-tree canal, reposing on the beds with which these flat-bottomed boats are provided, and on which they spent the next night. On the following day they had much rain and soon after they encamped on shore and prepared for sport. But for the stories and adventures, descriptions and anecdotes to be found in the rest of this most amusing and pleasant account, we must refer our readers to the little volume's own nicely illustrated pages. Mr. Lambert was fortunate in the fulfilment of his scheme of travel, fortunate in his companions, and fortunate in his talent for interesting without wearying the many readers of his unpretending volume. All his adventures are related graphically, yet without that egotism and pomposity which too often magnify incidents and cast a flavour of Munchausenism over the narratives of travellers. The regions so often extolled in song as well as in story were traversed by one possessing an observant eye for other objects besides bears and deer, and no opportunity has been lost of illustrating the manners and customs of the natives, which so many pursuers of the large game of India deem quite subordinate to their hecatombs in the hill country. If we mistake not, a perusal of the "Trip to Cashmere and Ladak" is likely to open up fresh ground to many who have hitherto considered a three months' vacation ramble too short to gain any experience of the far East; and everything was got through so easily and unpretentiously that the experiment can be repeated by the very humble followers of our Burnabys and Bakers. Something to interest the most casual of readers will be found in the carefully got up and nicely illustrated little volume before us, and we heartily commend a perusal of its pages to all who may be contemplating an expedition beyond the ordinary beat of sportsmen and travellers, who have their homes and occupations far from England's greatest dependency.

*Transactions of the Cremation Society of England*. London: Smith, Elder, and Son. Comparatively few people are aware of the existence of the society whose transactions are now before us, in a well printed and carefully compiled pamphlet. Yet considerable interest has been awakened by it, and the officers of the society receive, it is said, a "vast amount of correspondence," together with an "influx of new members and subscribers to its declaration." The society has been in existence three years, but up to the present time the steps taken for the practical execution of its chief purpose are simply preliminary. It continues to confine its action to meetings of a semi-private character and "the formation of a library and museum," we see no particular reason for the existence of either it or its branches, even if numerous letters continue to be written on the subject, and the number of its members still goes steadily upward. Obviously the first proper step of such a body is to ascertain if its object is both desirable and legal, and if it is the first and not the other, to make it both. Years of preliminary paper-reading, report publishing, library founding, and collecting for a museum, will be of no real service so long as cremation remains under the real or supposed stigma of illegality.

*How to Make Up; a Practical Guide for Amateurs*. London: Samuel French.—This pamphlet reminds us of the finger-post clergyman who pointed out the road to heaven without setting foot in it himself. Its ill-drawn, coarsely engraved, colour daubed cuts are wretchedly artistic, although the book's advice very clearly and practically points out a way to artistic improvement. The writer disclaims all idea of teaching his grand-parents of the stage, and merely professes to deal with its amateur grandchildren; but experience goes to show that improvement in the art of making up is quite as desirable amongst the professional section of the profession. It is often laughable to see what monsters actors will make of themselves, under the idea that they are

"making up" their figures or faces for the expression of age or character. What odd things we have seen, in the way of calves, associated with legs on the stage! What mysterious malformations of the human form divine have been ingeniously contrived for the improvement of bad figures for the stage! Rouge is here recommended in the place of the old-fashioned vermillion for the cheeks, but, although sometimes preferable, as a rule, rouge is inferior for this purpose to a mixture of carmine and Chinese vermillion—the latter should have been previously boiled in milk—applied with the favourite hare's or rabbit's foot.

*That Lass o' Lowrie's*, by FRANCIS H. BURNETT. London: Frederick Warne and Co.—This story is a reprint from *Scribner's Monthly Illustrated Magazine*, in which it originally appeared. It is a thoroughly well-told and extremely interesting story, dealing with Lancashire life amongst the coal-pits. We miss, however, the charming illustrations which accompanied it in *Scribner's*, but as a cheap, portable, very readable, one-volume novel, it is sure to be extremely popular. It is now, we believe, being republished in a paper called *The Fountain*.

*Art Needlework: A Guide to Embroidery in Crewels, Silks, Applique, &c.* London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler.—Our fair readers with a love of what is called fancy needle-work will find this little handbook welcome and useful for its clear and practical instruction.

*Woman as a Musician: An Art-Historical Study*. By FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. London: W. Reeves.—This is a paper which was read by its writer before the Centennial Congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women, in Philadelphia, U.S.A. It is interesting and readable, but we fail to see in what way its publication tends to aid the purpose of any association for the advancement of women.

*Familiar Wild Flowers*. Figured and described by F. EDWARD HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.—This is a work, appearing in monthly parts, of an exceedingly attractive and interesting character. The coloured plates are admirably executed, and many a lover of country rambles in forest, fields, and by hedgerows, will be delighted to secure it when completed, as a companion for many a delightful country excursion.

*Contradiction; or, English Medical Men and Manners of the Nineteenth Century*. London: Balliere, Tindall, and Cox.—The writer of this pamphlet (a delighter in strong words and the extravagant exaggeration of facts), while admitting that he may write "foolishly at times, perhaps," claims to be always honest. Despite outer appearances seemingly asserting that "in this torpid country" we are "pre-eminently a religious, a moral, a law-abiding, and a humane and charitable people," its author holds that we still show "in many points as brutal, bloodthirsty, and immoral as the Thugs of India, and as barbarous and inhuman as the King of Dahomey, who immolates his victims by the thousand, or as the Chinese, who deem it a high and holy rite to murder their infants. He addresses, in this strain, not those whose intelligence permits them "to claim their descent from mollusca, tadpoles, fishes, reptiles, and gorillas," but only "those who accept the Hebrew account of the Creation," and after an interesting historical account of the rise and progress of the medical profession, comes to the conclusion that the general practitioner, even if he be a "regular" member of the faculty, is so imperfectly qualified and so unfitted for his position, that "the deterioration of the public health and a high death rate among the mechanical and laboring classes of the country is the consequence." Such practitioners, of whose position we receive a very graphic account, are, he urges, ignorant, inefficient, selfish, and dishonest, from want of that proper education and skill, and those opportunities and necessary qualifications which they would have derived from a better system of education and training. After drawing a most unfavorable picture of "the profession" in the "regular" form in different parts of the country, and touching upon the quacks and other irregular followers, for whose suppression and prosecution, despite the Medical Act, no proper organisation exists, the writer strongly urges the necessity for immediate reform. The moral of the work lies in the fact that laws are of little service when no means of putting them into action exist.

*Switzerland and the Swiss; Sketches of the Country and its Famous Men*. By the author of "The Knights of the Frozen Sea." London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.—This is a pleasantly written, excellently illustrated, and readable little work, which is not exactly a guide-book for travellers, nor altogether descriptive of scenery, nor a sober matter-of-fact history of Switzerland, but partakes a little of each of these characters, and is just such a book as one might peruse in a railway carriage on one's way to partake of those moral and physical benefits which according to Professor Tyndall exist in Alpine mountain climbing and the oxygen of mountain air. This light portable volume would lighten the tedium of a long journey, while refreshing the memory as to many things of great interest belonging to the country we might be on our way to visit.

**MAGAZINES FOR THE MONTH.**—*The Gentleman's Magazine* is strong in its serial story "Miss Misanthorp"; has an interesting paper on the "Garrick Pictures," and is otherwise a very agreeable number. *Belgravia* has a chatty paper on "Tom Hood," in which Mr. Escott displays a strong inclination to "gush;" and the opening of a new story, concerning which it is yet too early to give an opinion.

We have received from Australia, twelve months and more after date, the first number of a new quarterly magazine, *The Melbourne Review*, which it seems is the first ever published of its kind. It is an agreeable serial, filled with well-written papers, in which no space is given to those interminable driblets of serial novels which have of late so entirely changed for the worse the character of English magazine literature. In an article on "the Political Future of Europe," after pointing out that the only sound basis for historical revision is a careful and complete scrutiny of all past history, the author argues that certain tendencies which are discernible through the whole course of history, if they continue may be expected to produce certain changes in the future. He points out that we have now in place of the former thousands of small independent or semi-independent states, feudal principalities, cities, towns and villages into which Europe was at one time divided, only about fifteen, several of which are of small size, and more or less dependent upon their more powerful neighbours. The process of consolidation has all along been effected either by some of the small independent states conquering and absorbing others, or by the intermarriage of their dynasties; or, though more rarely, by their voluntary and peaceful union into federations. As in England Wessex united the various governments of Saxon Monarchs, and Great Britain grew out of a number of separate and independent states, and, as in France a similar process existed producing a like result, so will it be—according to the theory before us—with European nations, until all smaller governments are absorbed into "one, or, at most, two or three," for, asks its author, "why should a process, which has undeniably been going on for a thousand years past be supposed to have reached its limits when there still remains room for its continued action?" History undoubtedly supplies much, very much, that points in this direction, but has it no reply to this question in lessons of quite a contrary character which show that in these very elements of growth and absorption those of decay and disunion may afterwards be found? We fancy the records of over-

grown powers splitting into fragments by reason of their very unyieldiness are far from being wanting in the records of past experiences, and we see no reason why they should not be present in the future. Growth has its limits, like most other things, and greatness is not always a sign of strength. Mr. Arthur P. Martin's paper on "the Drama as a Fine Art" is a very original production of much merit and great suggestive value, to which we may have occasion to refer at greater length on some future occasion.

## PIGEON SHOOTING.

## THE HURLINGHAM CLUB.

THE great polo match between the Hurlingham and International Clubs was played on Saturday after the annual meeting. It was much marred by the rain. The match ended in favour of Hurlingham by one goal. A return match will be played on this day (Saturday). Eighteen members shot for two Optional Sweepstakes at six birds each. The first, at twenty-six yards, was won by Mr. T. Lant, who killed all his birds and took £18 of the entrance fund; the second Optional, at twenty-eight yards, was secured by Captain Shelley killing all without a tie, the pool amounting to £48. Three £1 sweepstakes were also shot off. Mr. Aubrey Coventry divided two with Mr. Kerr and Mr. Edgar Larking, and the other was shared by Captain Shelley and Mr. Otho.

## THE GUN CLUB.

Although the weather was unfavourable for out-door sports on Saturday afternoon, no fewer than thirty-one members contended for the Club Cup, value £20, to which was added an optional handicap sweepstakes. The shooting was very good, nine members killing six each; and on shooting off the ties Mr. Dudley Ward (29 yards) won the cup and £46 by grassing fourteen out of sixteen; Mr. H. J. Peareth (26), thirteen out of sixteen; Captain W. Forester Leighton (27), eight out of nine; Mr. Beard (25), Mr. Charlton Adams (28), Captain Aubrey Patton (29), and Mr. Vaughan (27), seven each out of eight; Mr. Sidney (25) and Mr. S. E. Shirley, M.P., six each out of seven; Mr. George (28), five out of six; Sir George Hector Leith (26), Mr. Green (28), and Mr. W. F. Gambier (26), three each out of four; Mr. Howard S. Jaffray (29), Mr. Swift (25), Mr. Fraser (27), and Captain H. B. Patton (29), two each out of three; Mr. T. G. Freke (24), Mr. C. Pennell (28), Viscount Stormont (28), and Mr. Lilydale (24), one each out of two; and ten others missed one bird each and retired. Three £1 sweepstakes at three pigeons each were also shot off, the first being won by Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, the second was divided between Mr. Dudley Ward and Mr. H. J. Peareth; and the third was equally shared between Captain W. Forester Leighton and Mr. J. Logan White.

## MISS GRACE ARMYTAGE.

WHOSE portrait appears upon the first page of this week's issue, is the second daughter of George Armytage Cooper, Esq., for many years associated with the Royal Polytechnic Institution, and granddaughter of the late Samuel J. E. Jones, the celebrated historical painter, whose most prominent works, "The Citation of Wycliffe" and "The Last Struggle," achieved a wide-spread reputation for him. At an early age Miss Armytage appeared on the concert stage with remarkable success, and continued a most successful career as a high soprano, visiting the principal towns of the United Kingdom, professionally winning a legitimate and well-earned reputation, and receiving the warmest encomiums of the Press. Within the last three years she made her first appearance on the lyric stage in London as the Princess, in Offenbach's opera, *Whittington* (the character chosen for our illustration, from a photo by Elliott and Fry). Her versatility may be estimated from the fact of her having been engaged by one of our largest choral societies in the North, for performance of principal soprano music in the "Messiah," and to appear in the principal burlesque part at the Theatre Royal the next evening in the same town.

She is now impresario of a company in the South, the success of which is proved by the unprecedented number of 30,000 persons attending the entertainment in three weeks, or twenty-eight performances, in one of our most favourite watering places.

## HAMPTON SUMMER MEETING.—Our advertisement column contains particulars of the closing of several stakes on June 5th.

**HORSES FROM NEWMARKET.**—Mr. Rymill will sell at his Repository, Barbican, on Friday, May 25th, forty well-bred high-stepping riding and driving horses, five and six years old, the property of Mr. Robert Layton (successor to Mr. B. Chennel), White Hart Hotel, Newmarket. They are in first-rate condition, and have been used during the race meetings, for which purpose they were expressly purchased in Yorkshire, and other counties. Lot 14 is a very nice park hack, very fashionable, and good in all its paces. Lot 15 is a splendid animal, either to ride or drive, fast, and very handsome. No. 28 is a very good-looking grey, quiet to ride or drive, with good manners, and suitable for elderly gentleman, requiring a great weight carrier. Lots 16, 20, 22, and 23, are a capital class of horses. Lots 29 and 30 are two splendid hacks, either for the saddle or harness, are very fast, and all quality. Lots 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, and 41 are all first-class brougham horses, exceedingly good looking, with perfect manners. All the above have been ridden or driven about the Heath and elsewhere, and offer an opportunity to purchasers of procuring seasoned young horses in excellent working condition, and suitable for any requirements.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES** and the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) honoured the Royal Aquarium with a visit on Saturday afternoon. During the past week the Duke of Connaught, Prince Leopold, and the King and Queen of Naples also visited the Aquarium, and witnessed Zazel's astonishing and graceful performance. On Saturday last a live salmon, weighing 26lb., was sent to the Aquarium by Mr. Buckland's request, and is now in No. 13 tank.

THE Duke of Teck and Princess Mary paid a visit to the Orleans Club in the early part of the week.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL ATHLETIC SPORTS.**—The annual athletic sports of University College School took place on Friday week afternoon, at Lillie Bridge Grounds, in the presence of a large number of spectators. The winners of the principal events were as follows:—The 100 Yards.—W. E. Gray. High Jump.—W. E. Gray, 4ft 9in. Throwing Cricket Ball.—W. G. Greig, 84 yards. Long Jump.—W. E. Gray, 16ft 9in. Quarter-mile.—S. H. Gollan. Hurdle Race (under 16).—E. T. Colins. Mile Race Championship.—E. C. Russell. 150 Yards (under 15).—B. Fletcher. Half-mile (open).—S. H. Gollan. Bicycle Race, three miles.—A. W. Rogers. 100 Yards (under 12).—E. J. Hind. 220 Yards (under 15).—W. H. Jordan. Hurdle Race (open).—W. E. Gray. 440 Yards Handicap.—A. C. Taylor. One Mile Walking.—H. J. Moir. Half-mile (under 15).—W. H. Jordan. The 300 Yards produced the hero of the day, a very small boy, E. H. Nelson, running wonderfully well, and winning easily. The Old Boys Handicap (half-mile) was won by J. A. Voelcker, 70 yards, H. W. Hill being scratch. The day's sports terminated with a Consolation Race and Tug of War.

**CHAPPUIS' DAYLIGHT REFLECTORS** for Cellars.—Factory, 69, Fleet-street.—[Advt.]